THE ROYAL MAGAZINE

3 PENCE

OCT 1899

PUBLISHED BY C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., LONDON, W.C.

NUMBER 12.—VOLUME II.

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THE WORLD'S MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR

Sick Headache, Constipation, Wind and Pains in Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver, Female Ailments,

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BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS.

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AID OF

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

"WE OUGHT TO BE FRIENDS- - Why should two European powers quarrel over a few Asiatics? WE OUGHT TO BE FRIENDS. WE STRONGLY WISH IT."—*The Russian Advance towards India.*—C. MARVIN, page 88.

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You cannot Overstate its Great Value in keeping the Blood Pure and Free from Disease.

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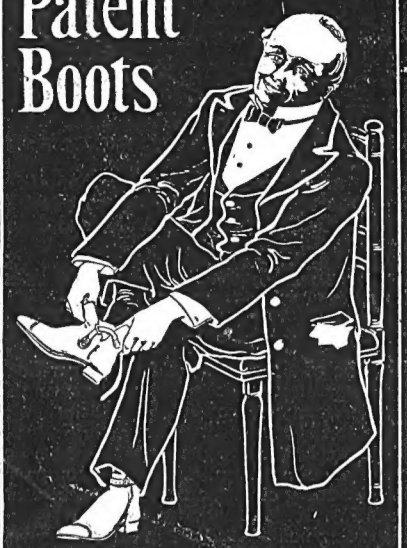

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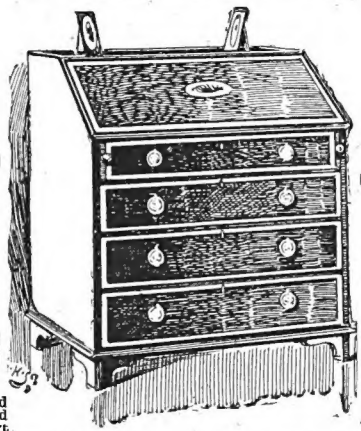

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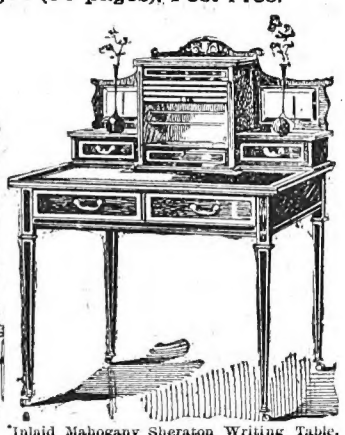

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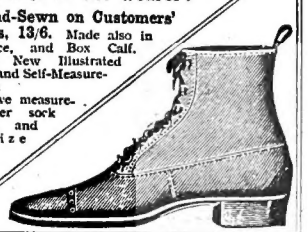

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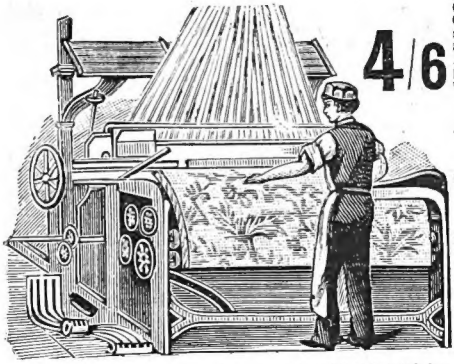

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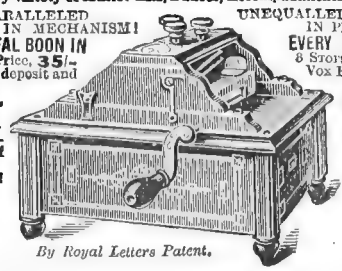

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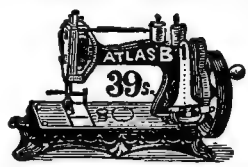

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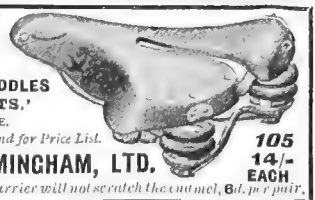

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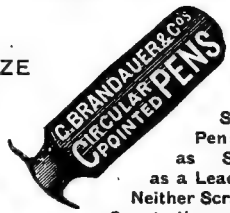

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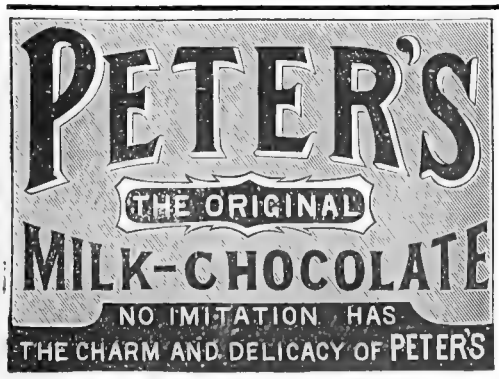

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"HANDS UP, SIR! IT'S NO USE," SAID GARNET. (See page 445.)

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Photo by F. Moore.

THE ART OF THE CAMERA.

By Roderick Gray.

The Camera on Tour.

It is quite sad to realise that by the time these lines appear the autumn will be well upon us. The holidays will be over. Packed away, ready for some spare hours, are the plates, films, or cartridges, as the case may be, which represent the best of the opportunities we have had during our all too brief escape from the toil and turmoil of town and office.

Yet, I daresay, many of you have gone from one turmoil into another. I know that I did, and I enjoyed myself. Of course, the theory of a holiday is peace and quietness. One ought to take a house in some quiet and remote spot, or go on a gentle yachting trip, or select some picturesque country for a bicycling tour.

No doubt any one of such ways of spending a holiday is excellent, but, after all, everything depends on a variety of considerations. If you are married you have a husband or a wife, or perhaps children, to take into account. If you are single you have to consider that bug-bear of all enjoyment — expense.

Making your Camera pay Expenses.

One thing, however, is pretty certain. A good camera, used with a little common sense, will not only add considerable enjoyment to your holiday, but it will pay for the expenses of it. I took what I should consider was a rather costly holiday. I had a number of alternative schemes, but this one was unquestionably the most expensive.

At the same time it appeared to me, as a confirmed snapshooter, to be distinctly the

Photo by C. F. Inston.

The Pedlar

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Photo by Madame Lallie, Tichfield Road, Regent's Park.

IN THE ORCHARD.

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cheapest, for I perceived abundant possibility of acquiring material that would subsequently be of pecuniary value.

The result, I am glad to say, seems likely to justify my course of action. My camera has turned out a trump, for I came across heaps of material, and, although I have not yet had time to put it all together, I have no doubt that I shall not only pay my "ex.'s," but I shall have something substantial to the good towards defraying the initial expenses of next year's outing.

I wonder how many of you have done the same! It doesn't require brains or any great expertness. Only a little common sense, a little perception, and a little judgment.

Photo by F. Ollo.

At Even.

The fact is that the snapshot camera is not capable—it is not meant to be capable—of adequately reproducing a lovely landscape. You can snap a quaint-looking gate or a fine building, and you can get some interesting street scenes. But you cannot get really satisfactory pictures as pictures. You require a very different camera for such work—a camera you would never dream of taking with you on a general tour of pleasure.

If you are doing a photographing tour as a matter of business, then the circumstances alter the case. You would naturally arm yourself with a camera most suited to the particular work you wished to attempt.

The Trouble of it.

"Oh, I couldn't be bothered," I can imagine some of you exclaiming. "I had a camera with me, and when I saw anything pretty, I took a snapshot."

And how woefully disappointing most of those snapshots of beautiful bits are when developed and finally printed! They are a reminder, of course, of what you have seen, but they fail utterly and completely to convey to anyone else any idea of the real beauty of the spot that so appealed to you.

The Camera in Mid-air.

Sometimes it is disastrous to have a good camera with you. I have a young friend who became ambitious of a balloon trip. He saw fine photographic possibilities, and he arranged for an ascent. Armed with his new twenty-guinea camera and a host of slides and plates, he arrived at the starting-place and the balloon began its voyage.

The ascent was excellent, and I understand that my friend, after the style of the fisherman whose largest fish on record is the

Photo by Chas. Reid.

On the Sands.

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one he loses, took the finest photos he had ever taken in his life. I daresay they were. The trouble, however, is that, except in fragments, the plates were never capable of development.

The descent in some way got mixed. Whether the array of plates was too great and too heavy, or what it was, I know not, but the fact remains that, having come within close distance of *terra firma*, the balloon commenced a kangaroo type of progress, bounding from field to field and tree to tree until my friend, the aeronaut, the plates, and the camera, were all more or less—and chiefly more—broken.

The plates were simply pulverised, whilst the camera was smashed to bits. Of course, had he been using a snapshot camera with films he would, as it happened, have had at any rate something to show for all he went through. Films might have stood the disaster. What he wanted, however, was the best views he could possibly take from a balloon for subsequent use, and, naturally enough, he armed himself with the camera most calculated to give him what he wanted.

The Camera in London. I AM a Londoner, or, rather, I live in London, and I know it as well as the average man. I know it so well that every day impresses on me how little of it I really do know. It has often occurred to me when I see tourists from abroad or from the provinces wandering about London with hand-cameras, "Where do they begin and where do they finish?" Why I could take twenty shots around Piccadilly Circus alone, and that's about the most common-place of all famous spots in London!

What types congregate about there! Rich men, poor men, apothecaries, ploughboys—no, perhaps, not ploughboys, let us say newsboys—thieves. And, again, down opposite the Mansion House, and, again, still more towards the East End, what endless material there is! Of course, I have in my mind the human side of London—the groups, the crowds, the individuals, and the ceaseless stream of traffic.

Apart from such-like snapshots, and apart from the sights that sightseers invariably see, such as the Tower, Westminster Abbey, and

Photo by C. F. Inston.

The Village Gossips.

Google

Photo by Madame Lallie, Tichfield Road, Regent's Park

SWEET MAIDENHOOD.

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Photo by S. H. Wrightson.

The Troubadour.

so on, what lovely bits of Old London there are tucked away in all manner of queer places! And, when you have found them, what exquisite little glimpses you can pick out! It may be a doorway, or a gate, or some queer old yard—none too clean, perhaps, if the neighbourhood is poverty-stricken.

The Camera as a Street Cleaner.

HOWEVER, the camera ignores the dirt. It has an eye only for the beautiful, although it cannot always do justice to it. It is a great flatterer of the unwashed, is a camera—a marvellous street cleaner. The filthiest Italian alley looks spotless in a photograph. A back canal of Venice covered with foul refuse is a placid and lovely lane of water, the very look of which would turn a man, hot and busy in his office, green with envy. And yet it would turn him greener still if he suddenly found himself on that still, mirror-like canal, and found it exactly as it was when the photograph was taken.

I remember how this purifying effect of the camera was once brought home to me, and caused me momentarily one of the greatest disappointments I remember.

Amongst the photographs my family had collected in their wanderings was one of the Loggia di Lanza at Florence. It represented a sort of small cloister of four or five arches, which contained a number of lovely pieces of statuary. It faced a great public square, and looked spotlessly clean and beautifully cool. But in real life I found it crowded with countless loafers, lying and lounging about, smoking and spitting, and generally disfiguring the whole place. Even when it is deserted, one can see how flattering, from the point of view of cleanliness, the camera has been. The bits of orange-peel, the scraps of paper, the dirt and dust which lie strewn everywhere are not to be seen in the picture. Mind you, the camera cannot flatter the Loggia itself, much less its contents. They are exquisite from an artistic point of view. I doubt whether there is anything I have seen more lovely than the marble group representing the Rape of the Sabines. Still as I say the camera is very kind to the odd fragments of dirt which go to make a place what a good housewife would call "horribly untidy."

Photographic Flattery.

I HAVE noticed frequently how great the tendency of the camera is to flatter statuary. Of course, in a sense this is impossible. A masterpiece of Michael Angelo's is incapable

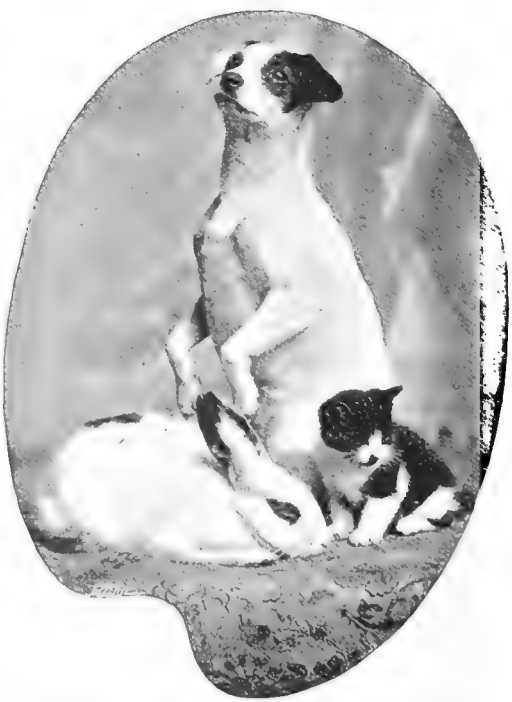

Photo by P. R. Valentine.

A Happy Family.

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of flattery. It is in its cold lifelessness as near living, breathing reality as man can fashion.

Funnily enough, or perhaps you might almost say naturally enough, the present photographs of the finest statues fail to do them justice so far as the general presentment is concerned. So far as the face and features, however, are concerned I have frequently noticed that the camera gives you much you fail to perceive in the statue itself. It is as though the lens of a camera were more searching and more discerning, with a greater capacity for finding the lovely details, than the human eye possesses.

Photo by Elliott and Fry.

Meditation.

Monuments in churches are often very difficult to see properly owing to the light. Yet I have come across photographs of those same tombs which show up the various figures in almost exaggerated beauty. Nor has any artificial light been used. It simply shows, as I have said, that the camera is sometimes more capable of appreciating the beautiful than the eye.

The Ubiquity of the Kodak.

In my last "Art of the Camera" I was discussing to a certain extent the advantages of films over plates, at any rate for the tourist who has gone a-wandering for pleasure and a-snapshooting for the fun of it. I pointed out the immense advantage films had over plates in the matter of weight. After all, apart from all other things, such as bulk and risk of breakage, the question of saving several pounds of dead weight is of the utmost importance.

As between the various sorts of films I decided in favour of cartridges, because of the ease with which they can be taken out, or put in afresh in broad daylight.

Experience has, however, impressed on me another advantage and an important one. Whenever you are on the Continent, even in the most out-of-the-way places, you can get Kodak cartridges. Generally you cannot get any other sort of film. I was not using a Kodak during my last trip. I came to an end of my films, and not even in Florence could I get hold of any more.

It is certain that the company owning the Kodak films has distributed them everywhere, so that unless you start off with a vast store of films you run a risk of being without any at all before the journey is over, and you will wish you had a Kodak camera of some sort.

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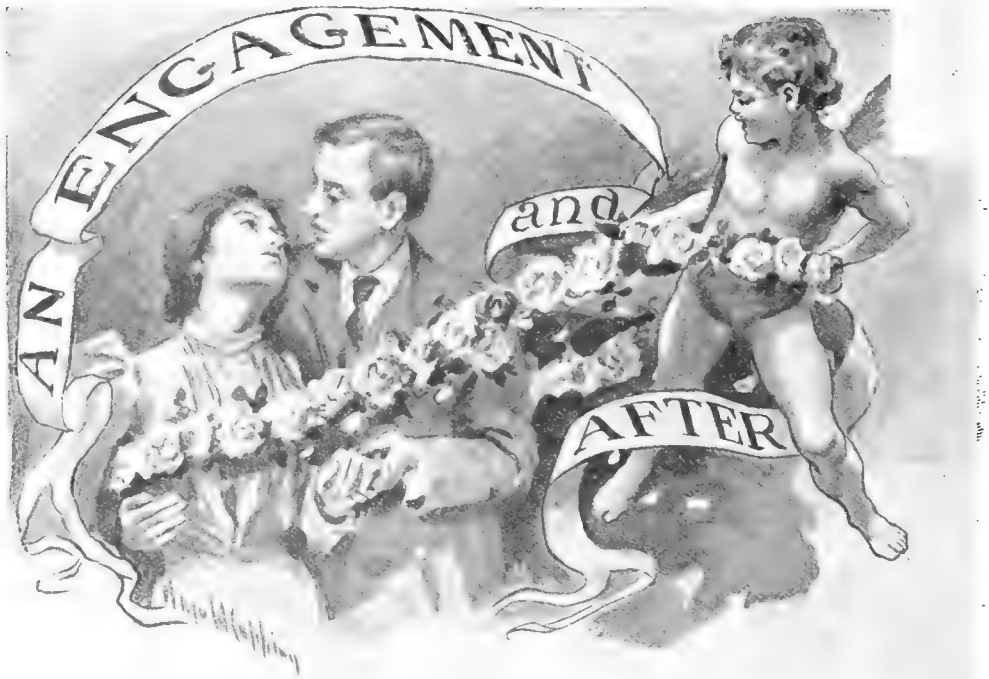

By Laurance Wood.

LETTER I.

From Miss Mary Ince to Miss Catherine Johnson.

May 15th, 1897.

My Dearest Kitty,

I'm engaged! Yes, actually, seriously, definitely engaged! And, I mean it this time. It seems strange, doesn't it, that I should engage myself to a man and really mean it? I used to think that I could never do such a thing. It seemed impossible to be anything but free to do anything you like, just to flirt with whoever you want to, and go about and enjoy yourself. But all that doesn't seem to matter, now, although, of course, the old times still seem jolly, and I was a dreadful flirt, wasn't I? But I don't like to think of that now. It almost seems as if I had been doing something dreadful, and that's all nonsense, for there's nothing dreadful in flirting, is there? But I must tell you all about him, for I know you're dying to hear what he's like, and what he is. Well, I met him at Mrs. Rogers' garden party—I shall always owe Mrs. Rogers a debt of gratitude for inviting him—and he writes, writes divinely. Think of it, Kitty, dear, not a miserable grave doctor, or solicitor, or curate (although we've known one or two of them, who haven't been so grave sometimes, haven't we, dear?) or a vulgar stock-broker, but a man who is artistic to the finger tips, and looks it, too. I can't make out what he can see in me to fall in love with, for he's as clever as I am silly, but there's no accounting for tastes, and I have got some pretty little ways, haven't I? His name's Ernest Cooling, and he had a book published last Autumn, such a dear little book, in a grey-green cover with a funny, scrawly design in one corner. He's what they call a "stylist," which doesn't seem to be a very popular sort of writer, but, as he says, a man can despise popularity, so long as he's true to himself and his own ideals—and he says I'm his highest ideal! If only he'd seen his ideal at that picnic, when young Cullingworth behaved so disgracefully, I'm afraid he'd be awfully shocked, but I don't like to think of those things now. He

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showed me some of the newspaper criticisms on his book. They're simply lovely! I must get copies of them to show you. I've read some of his stories, and they made me cry so much that I'm sure you would enjoy 'hem. That looks rather funny, but you know what I mean. Oh! they are so sad. It seems wonderful that all that sadness can be put into a few words. And, then, to be engaged to the man who can do it! To have him all to yourself, and to know that he worships every hair of your head, and treasures up dirty, white gloves because you have worn them. I know Ernest does that, because I found one of mine in his desk. I didn't recognise it at first, and there was nearly a row. He's so good looking; exactly what a writer ought to be, with wavy, brown hair and large, soulful, grey eyes, and such a kind smile. Do you know, I'm not a bit sorry now that I refused young Duckworth, with all his three thousand a year. He was a horrible cad, and the stories about him, round here, are not at all nice. Isn't it funny how we do the right thing, sometimes, and don't know it till afterwards?

What a long letter this is, but I'm so delighted, Kitty, dear, and I know you will be, too. I must be off, now, to meet Ernest. We're going for a long walk on the downs, and I don't intend to come back till the moon is up.

Yours ever,

MINNIE.

LETTER II.

FROM ERNEST COOLING, ESQ., TO FRANK HENDRIE, ESQ.

May 17th, 1897.

MY DEAR FRANK,

I've done a very wonderful thing; so wonderful that even now I have not ceased to marvel at it. I have fallen in love and am engaged to be married! I wonder whether you'll smile, or sneer, or both, when you read this? But I tell you flatly, that whatever you do is of no importance to me, just now. I'm in that state of complex egotism which forces one to live entirely for oneself and another, and all other folks are nothing better than shadows on a gloriously illumined background. The manner of my translation was as wonderful as the translation itself, for it occurred at a garden-party. How I happened to be there is a mystery, insoluble and delightful. There were the mumbled words of an introduction, the mechanical bow of acknowledgment, and hey, presto! it was done. The lady was, and is, Miss Mary Ince, and the lady will be Mrs. Ernest Cooling. I suppose there is nothing wonderful to you in this new circumstance of mine; I have seen people in my condition and marvelled at their enthusiasm, and now I am marvelling at the indifference of everyone who does not echo my opinion of my own destiny.

Do you remember that little study of a man in love, which is in my book? I read it through last night, and could not help noting its resemblance to myself. I have an unpleasant feeling that my emotions are merely artistic *tours de force*, that my heart is simply following in the track of my head. Do you think it possible that we fashion our most poignant feelings—our love, our grief,

To know that he treasures up dirty white gloves because you have worn them.

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our hate—to suit our intellectual requirements? That man in love—a mere creation of words—is troubling me. He makes me feel insincere; he makes me feel a traitor to the woman I love—that I am not offering her the perfect, unlimited emotion of a man, but a mere reflection of my own work, the carefully selected expression of a literary artist. Even my doubts and self-questionings seem priggish insincerities. If my love were honest and uncontrollable, should I have any mood for such metaphysical hair-splittings?

I dare say you will feel very superior as you read this letter of mine. I think it is impossible to find a man who does not feel superior in the face of another man's enthusiasm. Fortunately, the other man feels superior also; that is the law of compensation. I think that Nature has designed the love of women as compensation for all the hardships and disappointments that fall to the lot of men.

You may tell the good news to anyone whom you think will be interested; I appoint you log-roller-in-chief to my happiness.

Ever your sincere friend,

ERNEST.

LETTER III.

FROM MISS MARY INCE TO MISS CATHERINE JOHNSON.

July 12th, 1897.

MY DEAR KITTY,

Many thanks for your long letter and the silk, which it was so good of you to get. You want to know if I still feel as happy as I did. Quite—quite as happy, even happier, if that's possible, and I think everything's possible to people who are really and truly in love. Ah, Kitty, it was all very well for you and me to lark about as we did, and think we could get happiness out of it but, we were a couple of silly little fools. Flirting and dancing and pic-nics may seem happiness enough to girls who have never experienced anything better, but I know that beside a good man's love, they were simply not worth having. When I think of the way I've behaved before I met Ernest I feel quite hot with shame. I'm not preaching at you, dear, but I am certain that one day you will find out the truth of what I'm saying, and then you'll feel ashamed of yourself, as I do; you will, really Kitty.

When we are up on the downs, Ernest reads to me from the finest books in the world. It is so splendid to hear him read; he seems to feel everything so deeply; and I cry so much, and my eyes look so red, when we get back that people must think we are always quarrelling. He reads French books to me, not in French; I have forgotten too much since I left school for that, but in translations which he has made himself. It sounds shocking to let a man read French books to you, doesn't it? But the books Ernest reads are not a bit dreadful; we made a great mistake in thinking that they were. They are wonderfully sad, and some of them are very bitter and cynical, but not in the least improper.

I don't remember such a summer for sunshine as this is. Ernest and I spend all our time out of doors, either up on the downs or in Dennet Woods. It is so quiet and delightful. Ernest reads, or smokes and talks, and I never seem to want to do anything but listen; that's something new for a chatterbox like me, isn't it? But I seem to have changed altogether; everything appears so different. I don't care a bit for rushing about and going to flower shows and picnics—you can't think how vulgar they seem.

I don't quite know when we shall be married, but I hope it will be soon. It must be so nice to have a house all of your own, just large enough and comfortable enough for two to be happy in. Ernest hasn't a very large income, I know; but he says his book has done him a lot of good, and he hopes to be much better off soon. He's quite a celebrity in literary circles already. Fancy being the wife of a celebrity!

Yours ever,

MINNIE.

LETTER IV.

FROM ERNEST COOLING, ESQ., TO FRANK HENDRIE, ESQ.

July 30th, 1897.

MY DEAR FRANK,

I am becoming lazy. I am leading the life of an amorous lotus-eater. The weather has something to do with it, and Minnie still more. I do nothing but bask in the sunshine and spin golden dreams, or read my favourite authors aloud under the shadow of some convenient oak or beech. There is nothing more delightful than reading your favourite authors aloud to an attentive listener, and, when that attentive listener happens to be my Minnie, the delight is increased by an incalculable factor. Our reading is the most eclectic imaginable, embracing William Morris and de Maupassant. Of course, much French literature is banned, by reason of its candour; much that I should like to read to her, but dare not; much that is so full of the sorrow and irony of life, but is not absurdly veiled and belittled.

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King writes me that my book will go into a second edition: that is better than I expected for a volume which is essentially unpopular. It is having its effect, already; the editor of the *London* wrote me on Friday and made me a very good offer for a serial, but I don't much care for the notion of monthly publication, and I have not yet settled myself to anything very long.

Minnie is becoming a veritable little critic, quite captious and finical. She discovered a weak ending to a sentence by Arthur Symons the other day. Think of it! And her judgment was just, too. The syllables seemed to droop, and suddenly break off, and fall headlong; most amazing in such an author. You may imagine my delight that Minnie should notice it. I wish I could tell you of her thousand and one methods of delight, which might savour of coquetry, if they were not prompted by so much love, but you must remain in the darkness. You are wiser than I with your "ologies" and "isms," yet you are a thousand times more foolish.

Ernest reads or smokes and talks, and I never seem to want to do anything but listen.

Thanks for the *Chronicle* cutting. I had already seen it, and it was pleasant reading, I assure you.

Your very sincere friend,

ERNEST.

LETTER V.

MISS MARY INCE TO MISS CATHERINE JOHNSON.

November 8th, 1897.

MY DARLING KITTY,

You say in your last letter that I do not seem so happy as I was. I'm not happy, I'm miserable. Everything seems wrong, and dull, and horrid. You ask when I am going to get married. Goodness only knows! I suppose it'll be somewhere in the middle of the next century, unless Ernest comes to his senses a bit. I could get married to-morrow, if I liked to live in a cottage and make my own dresses, or in a tropical forest, and wear no dresses at all; I think that would suit some of Ernest's mad, primitive ideas. This year he has made £180, and talks about "style" and "art" from morning to night. I asked him if he thought I could dress on "style," and he made some silly, feeble joke. It's difficult to keep one's temper with a man like that.

I've been looking through his book again. It's all very well, and the stories are very clever, but they are not the sort of thing people want to read. They're mouldy, miserable things, enough to give anyone the eternal hump, and Heaven knows, there are enough things in the world to give one the

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hump without sitting down and deliberately making more. I've done all I can to make him more sensible. I've argued with him, and coaxed him, and bullied and threatened him unmercifully, but it's no use. He never gets cross, I wish he would; he assumes a considerate, superior air, and talks nonsense. About a month ago, he told me that he was trying to popularise his manner, but there doesn't seem to have been much result up to now. It isn't as if he wasn't clever. I know he's very clever—clever enough to make thousands if only he would go the right way about it. I wish I could write as he can; I'd soon let the world know that I was alive. As it is, he worries for a whole day over one page, and finishes by tearing it up, and beginning again on the following morning! Can anything be more annoying?

I never go anywhere. Ernest can't dance or do anything that a civilised man ought to do, and the neighbourhood would talk its head off if I went about without him; you know what these wretched, little country towns are. How I envy you in Manchester! His idea of enjoyment is to get me to sit in a chair in front of the fire while he reads poetry to me! Cheerful sort of enjoyment, isn't it? Mrs. Partridge gave a dance on Monday. Everybody who is anybody was asked. Ernest and I were asked, but we didn't go. Oh, no! Ernest said he'd go if I particularly wanted him to—looking as if someone had sent him an invitation to his own funeral. Of course, I didn't want him to make a nuisance of himself, crawling all over the place like a fish out of water; and, very likely winding up in a corner with a book in his hand; so we stayed at home, and I had a double dose of poetry by way of compensation! If I have many more doses of poetry, or hear many more lectures on "style" I shall burst. I suppose it will be all right in the end, but I do think Ernest might be more considerate. I know he's very fond of me, but a literary atmosphere is too stuffy for me to breathe always.

Yours ever,

MINNIE.

He assumes a considerate, superior air, and talks nonsense.

LETTER IV.

ERNEST COOLING, ESQ., TO FRANK HENDRIE, ESQ.

November 14th, 1897.

MY DEAR FRANK,

This is a grey day; yesterday was a grey day, and to-morrow may be a black day! Everything seems ill-favoured and worthless, even the writing of good English. I am beginning to understand that the cultivation of a fastidious regard for words may be a delightful hobby for a millionaire or a careless tramp but it is a woeful pursuit for a man with his bread and butter, and more, to earn. I can understand your smile. I, the supercilious artist, am writing like the veriest, commonplace shop-keeper. I know; I know. I could smile myself, if it were not such a painful thing to stick a steel pen into one's cherished ideals. Ideals are very little use to a man, who has reponsibilities to the world. Minnie has told me so, my own conscience has told me so. Summer dreams are delightful companions on a summer holiday, but life cannot be

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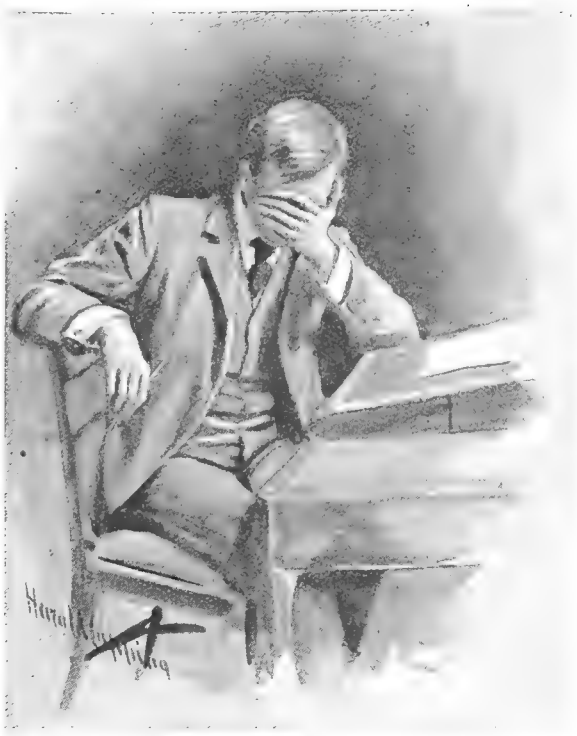
one long summer holiday. Commonplaces, my dear Frank; mere commonplace truths, and yet, a year ago, I thought them absurdities, invented by a shopkeeper, to excuse his own existence.

This year, I have earned £180! More than enough for my own wants, but not half enough for the wants of a pretty woman and her *entourage*, and, by Heaven, not a hundredth part of what the pretty woman deserves! Minnie is beginning to fret. I am dull stupid, selfish, and, worse than all, it has taken me a whole year to earn £180. I have attempted pot-boilers! I have tried to write popular stories for popular magazines! I have worried my brains for sensational and sentimental plots, and the results have been polite letters from regretful editors, telling me what a pleasure it would be to publish anything from my pen, but the story I have submitted is scarcely of a nature to appeal to their readers. How I envy you in your everlasting, professorial corner, with your everlasting, professorial income! How I envy any man with more than £400 a year, and no ideals to tweak his conscience and say: "You loved me, once."



It is so hard—so very hard to lose her.

If I thought that advice could be of any use to me, I should ask for yours, but I feel that I must work out my own salvation in my own way; at least, Minnie is the only one who can help me.

This is a puzzling world to be suddenly and responsibly born into.

Your sincere friend,

ERNEST.

LETTER VII.

MISS MARY INCE TO MISS CATHERINE JOHNSON.

February 9th, 1898.

MY DEAREST KITTY,

I've broken it off. I couldn't help it, and I'm not sorry that it's done. It was like being tacked to a mummy with a phonograph in its inside, and I can't stand that sort of thing. I dare say he's a very good man, and would make a very good husband for anyone who likes a life of "style" and starvation, but it wouldn't do for me, I'm certain of that, and I think I've done quite right in putting an end to it, don't you, dear? As it is, I've wasted a whole year moping over poetry and a set of miserable French writers, who don't seem to have a laugh or a happy idea amongst the whole lot of them. The entire neighbourhood was laughing at me. Of course, they were polite enough to my face, but I felt certain that directly my back was turned, they were sneering and giggling like a set of hateful idiots, although I suppose I was the idiot to put up with it as long as I did. Why, actually, our engagement was spoken of as the "Hardy Annual." I heard it from Emily Beauchamp, who is spiteful enough to tell you anything. Fancy being the laughing-stock of a set like that.

I didn't break it off in a hurry. I didn't want to be cruel, for I knew Ernest was very fond of me. I warned him over and over again, and it only made him miserable and more helpless than ever. He said that he was trying to do popular work, but I couldn't see that the trying did much good; and he shook his head and said that he wasn't meant for popularity or popularity wasn't meant for him, or some such nonsense, and that he should never have betrayed his ideal. A nice thing to say to me, when I was doing my best to help him on. It was always his ideal; it was the only thing he ever got cross about. He used to sigh over it, and look as if he

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were pitying himself, and finally get in a rage with me. I dare say if it hadn't been for that wretched ideal of his, things wouldn't be as they are now; but I did my best, and one's patience can't last for ever.

We went to a dance at Beechcroft. He did worse than moon about the passages and corners. He tried to waltz. You never saw such a shamble. And there was half the room looking on and pretending not to laugh. You can imagine what a rage I was in. I felt as if I could have died with shame, and then, when it was finished, he smiled at me, in a silly, superior, fatherly way he has, and wanted to know if that would be the end of his self-sacrifice. His self-sacrifice! I should have liked to have killed him. I advised him to go home before he made a worse exhibition of himself, and he actually went, and left me to look after myself before all those people. That's a nice sort of a man to be engaged to, isn't it?

He's awfully cut up about it. Maggie saw him yesterday morning in the High Street, and she says she never saw anyone look so miserable in all her life. Well, it isn't my fault, is it? I'm sure I've done my best, and now I know what it will be. He'll go about with a long face, advertising his grief, and everybody will put me down as a hard-hearted jilt. Why can't he behave like a man! It's his own fault, and he shouldn't make a fuss about it. I believe he was very much in love with me, and I dare say it's very hard on him; but he couldn't expect me to starve, even for the pleasure of being his wife, could he?

Your loving friend,

MINNIE.

LETTER VIII.

ERNEST COOLING, ESQ., TO FRANK HENDRIE, ESQ.

February 14th, 1898.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

On each day of the past week I have tried to write to you, and each time the effort has been too painful to be continued to performance. I suppose it is in the nature of every man to consider his own sorrows and joys beyond all the sorrows and joys in the world, and my sorrow is blotting out all sense of proportion and justice. Perhaps you may have foreseen what has happened; it may have been an evident issue to anyone less blind than I was. Minnie has broken off our engagement. To me it came with the suddenness of lightning; it seemed as if some giant hand had crushed the world to hideous fragments. As I have told you, things were not going rightly. Minnie was petulant at my stupidity, and I was less considerate than I should have been. My income was too small. I tried to increase it, in a weak-willed tentative way, you know my method. Had I been more energetic I might have succeeded. There are some natures which seem able to discipline themselves to any feat. Mine is not one of those. I am finical, fastidious. I cannot face a difficulty and punch it out of existence. I niggle and falter, shrinking from this and that, producing petty results, quite unable to move with quickness and determination. Oh, I know my faults, and doubtless I am working out my destiny in the only fitting manner; but, my dear Frank, it is so hard—so very hard to lose her. Even now I cannot believe it is all over. For some men it would not be; they could battle against fortune until they twisted her to their own ends. I can only sit in a black veil of my own misery, and think. Oh, that horrible thinking. To wonder what will happen to the woman one loves; to wonder whose wife she will be! Yes, there is the sharpest sting—to wonder whose wife she will be. Think of my happiness six months ago, and think of my misery now! Oh, it's hideous!

I knew that things were not going smoothly, but I thought that there were only difficulties which could be dispelled by time. I never thought that it could end in separation. Our engagement was the only certainty. To see Minnie, to be with her, were the great essentials of my life. Doubtless, It was all very selfish, but I didn't know; I thought that it meant happiness for her, that she felt as I did. Last summer, when we used to sit in the sunshine and read, she seemed so satisfied that I thought she was living in my own fool's paradise, and could not see over the rose hedges into the outer world. What would have been the use if she had? We should have wandered about in our happy folly until, one day, after a long while, there would have sprung up a sudden question: "Where is the marriage?" No, it was all a mi-take. I should never have asked any girl to be my wife, and engage her life with mine. Stronger men are the proper husbands.

I suppose I shall live down my misery; one can live down anything, except oneself. Now, there seems no more contentment, no more interest, scarcely any more life.

Yours very miserable,

ERNEST.

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The late Mr. Gladstone.

A Man of Many Faces.

By H. J. Holmes.

To become, within the space of half-an-hour every evening, most of the Important Persons on the face of the earth, is a privilege not accorded to many. But one man, at least, can accomplish the astonishing feat, without wincing and superfluity of fuss.

It was in the Palace, lying Shaftesbury Avenue way, that I was first introduced to most of the crowned, and uncrowned, monarchs of this tearful vale. Kings seemed to surround me on all sides. Presidents of republics, statesmen, and other celebrities of the age were quite abundant.

Mr. Amann, whose name is an abrupt contradiction of his entertainment, is the gentleman who undertook to bear the responsibilities of the entire globe on his shoulders. Like another Atlas, he did not seem overpowered by his task. He became Krüger, or his living image, at one moment, only to appear as Cecil Rhodes the next. You sat staring at Zola, to be staggered by the sudden appearance of his friend Dreyfus. And the wonder of this sort of thing is that no "make-up," such as other protean artists employ, no masks, face pads, or other aids are required by Mr. Amann. Of course, if the person, whom he wishes to be the double of, is hirsutely adorned about the face, a false moustache or beard is used — but nothing else beyond the costume worn by the "study." Such a contrast of features as those of Bismarck and Gladstone, is no obstacle to Mr. Amann. So marvellously mobile is his face that each character is presented "to the life." Vidocq and Sherlock Holmes have been credited with possessing the facility of chameleonic

An Old Maid in Love.

An Old Man in Love.

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Napoleon.

changes at will. Amann alone convinced me that the historians of those knowing gentlemen were not altogether relying on their powers of awful imagination.

Ludwig Amann was born in Munich in 1855. Twenty-one years ago, he joined the Duke of Meininger's Royal Shakespearean company, then touring through Germany. It was not until then that he discovered his peculiar talent. During his connection with this company, he occasionally appeared, in special entertainments given in the towns visited, impersonating prominent people. He was so successful that he was often advised by his friends to take up this line exclusively. Being a young man devoted to the interpretation of the divine poet, he at first declined, but at last he saw the good thing he possessed in wonderfully flexible features, and threw up blank verse for a more remunerative and less arduous calling.

Mr. Amann is above the medium height, well built, and muscular in appearance. His face is a very striking one, full of character. He speaks English fairly well, although this usual preliminary announcement as to the character about to be personated is really unnecessary. There can be no mistake in regard to recognition.

Among the prominent people whose features he seems to appropriate *pro. tem.* are such widely diverse appearance as Napoleon Bonaparte, the Duke of Wellington, Dreyfus and Zola, Cecil Rhodes, Krüger, Bismarck, Lord Kitchener, the Prince of Wales, Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Doctor Jameson, and the Kaiser.

Perhaps Mr. Amann's greatest triumph is his marvellous likeness of our gracious Sovereign, Queen Victoria. Women have often impersonated the Queen — impersonated her wonderfully—as Miss Thornton did in the year of the Jubilee; but men have seldom dared to attempt this feat, and Mr. Amann may well claim to be the best male impersonator the Queen has ever had.

The Napoleon of South Africa.

With the exception of the last-mentioned, which naturally demands more time, each character is prepared in full view of the audience. So little "make-up" does Mr. Amann require that the alteration of the attire and other preparations occupy less than half-a-minute.

In many cases the resemblance is extraordinary. Take, for instance, that of Zola. His expression is reproduced exactly. As the Napoleon of South Africa, Amann makes a distinct hit. His likeness of the Queen is, as we have said, without doubt, one of the most wonderful items of the artist's programme. Her Majesty is represented sitting. The pose and expression are as natural as though Her Majesty were really there in person, and Mr. Amann's reproduction of our Queen's features bears evidence of the most careful study.

Of "outside" studies such as "the discontented man," "the contented man," "the bashful man," etc., nothing need be said but that they surpass anything in the way of facial expression ever seen on the stage.

Mr. Amann has given his performance in all European countries, and his experiences have

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been many and varied, his peculiar entertainment giving many opportunities for producing sensational effects.

In America, too, he has had some lively anecdotes to tell. His best has to do with the last presidential election. Mr. Amann was engaged at Hammerstein's Olympia, New York, upon the day when the result of the election became known. The man of many faces appeared for his turn as usual, and having given one or two impersonations there was a pause in the entertainment owing to the following circumstance:—A wild burst of cheering almost shattered the roof; men stood up on their seats and, almost mad with excitement, threw their hats in the air and yelled vociferously. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs and clapped their hands with the utmost enthusiasm.

What caused all this commotion?

A well-known figure was seen making his way up one of the aisles of the stalls.

"McKinley! McKinley!" was the cry. Every possible means of expressing enthusiastic loyalty was indulged in. McKinley in Hammerstein's on the first day of his election as President of the United States of America! The audience was determined on expressing their approval of the kindly act.

Amidst the greatest demonstration ever witnessed within the walls of Hammerstein's the figure of the popular President marched up the house. Instead of sitting down, however, he proceeded towards the stage. The audience saw at once his intention. He wished to say a few words on the auspicious occasion. "Speech! speech!" came in encouraging and vociferous accents from all parts of the house. The band played, "Hail, Columbia!"

The new President smilingly faced the audience. Then something happened. The well-known features of Mr. McKinley melted before the eyes of his expectant but astonished supporters, until they saw that it was Mr. Amann, and not the President, who stood before them. A good-humoured roar of laughter, mingled with applause, concluded the incident.

In Milan Mr. Amann had just added to his list of impersonations the deceased patriot Garibaldi. He appeared in a similar uniform to that worn by the famous general. So natural was the resemblance that the entire audience shouted as one man: "Vivi Garibaldi!"

In the midst of this demonstration Mr. Amann heard a young lady, who was with some friends in a stage box, suddenly shriek out and saw her fall weeping into the arms of one of the gentlemen with her, who also burst into tears. The audience, in whose view the incident took place, was silenced. The young lady was gently led from the box by her companion, both weeping bitterly. M. Amann assures me that it was one of the most pathetic scenes he ever witnessed, and there were many women in the audience who added their tears to those of the afflicted couple, in whom were recognised the eldest son and daughter of Garibaldi. They had come to the theatre especially to see the impersonation of their dead father.

Prince Bismarck.

Signor Garibaldi afterwards waited on Mr. Amann to apologise for interrupting his entertainment. He ex-

The Emperor William II.

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Mirth.

plained that painful memories of their father had been vividly renewed by his (Amann's) appearance on the stage, and their feelings had overcome them in so dramatic a manner.

Pain.

It was also in Milan that quite a different incident occurred. King Humbert of Italy was present in the Royal box, accompanied by some members of his suite and Signor Bellinzadi, the Mayor of Milan. Bellinzadi was rather peculiar, both in personal appearance and attire, the latter verging on the eccentric.

During Mr. Amann's performance, and while Bellinzadi was in conversation on some important matter with the King, the attention of the entire audience became centred on the Royal box. Applause, mixed with a great deal of ironical laughter, followed, and Bellinzadi, who had his back to the stage, his face being in full view of the audience, at last became aware that the ironical laughter was directed at the Royal box.

"What can it mean?" he exclaimed.

The King also was smiling. He was looking at the stage. The Mayor followed the direction of His Majesty's glance, and the cause of the amusement became apparent.

The King was now laughing heartily.

On the stage stood the exact counterpart of the Mayor. The expression of the victim's face, as he caught sight of his double, became so excruciatingly funny in its indignation, that everybody in the house, irresistibly losing all sense of respect, screamed with laughter, especially when they saw that their King was equally enjoying the joke. The Mayor did not patronise the theatre again during Mr. Amann's engagement.

Some years before his death, Bismarck had the pleasure of seeing his living counterpart in Berlin. He laughed very heartily, especially when Mr. Amann removed his helmet and displayed the very bald head, with the well-known three hairs sticking up in front.

He afterwards sent for Mr. Amann, and having congratulated him on his performance, asked him had he ever appeared in England, France and Russia.

On being told that Mr. Amann had been to these countries, he said:

"I suppose you appeared as Bismarck? Now how do your audiences behave towards him?"

Amann assured him that his reception was always flattering.

The great Chancellor seemed pleased.

"But don't they laugh when you show off my three hairs?" he inquired anxiously.

Anger.

Mr. Amann had been announced to appear in Odessa; indeed, he was preparing to go on the stage, when a company of fifty Cossacks drew up before the theatre. An officer entered with a warrant for the performer's arrest.

He was brought before General Gourko, the Governor of Odessa, and one of the greatest tyrants who ever oppressed Poland.

Contempt.

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"So!" he roared at Mr. Amann; "you would dishonour the Governor! You would impersonate Gourko!"

As a matter of fact, such had been Mr. Amann's intention. He endeavoured to soothe the tyrant, and assured him there was no reason why he should be annoyed. His impersonation would be nothing but a living portrait of a great general!

This careful handling had some effect.

"Ah! you would be me, then! Well, let us see what you can do."

His curiosity had got the better of him.

Mr. Amann soon had the materials beside him. In a minute he turned to the General, who was staggered by the resemblance.

Mr. Amann's broken English repetition of the General's exclamation is:

"By Heaven, you make me good!"

But he didn't mean that exactly.

During another engagement in Odessa, Mr. Amann met with the most dramatic incident of his career.

The Hypocrite.

His subjects included the late Czar of Russia. His impersonation of the Emperor was one of his best. He was standing upon the stage, the audience vigorously applauding, when a loud shout was heard. A strange hush fell on the house as immediately afterwards a *gendarme* pushed his way into the stalls, and with right arm uplifted, cried at the top of his voice:

"Stop the performance! The Czar is dead!"

Mr. Amann, as the Czar of Russia, still stood on the stage.

The terrible news of the Emperor's assassination had just reached Odessa.

Such are Mr. Amann's wonderful feats, and it may be remarked in closing that his extraordinary mobility of feature is not entirely a gift of nature. Like the sleight-of-hand artiste with the muscles of his hand, the impersonator has, by incessant practice and exercise, to develope his facial muscles.

Miss Thornton's Marvellous Impersonations of the Queen.

Photos by Hana.

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MRS. ORMISTON CHANT.

No, don't apologise. Certainly, I am very busy at the present time, but I always keep my appointments, and I can spare a few moments for the ROYAL.

You know I am probably the only Englishwoman whose effigy has been sold in the streets of London. The likeness is a little weak, but still I am heartily amused.

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I am very fond of flowers, and marguerites are my special favourites.

My attitude when speaking in public? Well, something like this.

The phonograph is a splendid amanuensis; it never errs.

Naturally, my correspondence is very heavy.

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If only you knew how many stupid letters I receive!

Really, I need some relaxation, and this I find in singing.

By-the-way, will you excuse me a moment while I send off a telegram?

Well, good day! I hope I have not been a very troublesome subject.

From snap-shots taken by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., at a special interview.

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By Harry B. Vogel.

Author of "A Maori Maid."

No. VI.—LAUNCESTON MAIL.

(*A Complete Story.*)

During the last six or seven months whilst Garnet and his two companions were holding Tasmania in a state of continual unrest, the wonders of the Australian gold diggings had rapidly developed.

Over and over again the three outlaws heard indirect but glowing accounts of fortunes made almost in a matter of a few days. It seemed to them that if but once they could affect a landing in Victoria they might solve the problem of their future.

Apart from the possibility of making fortunes by gold digging, there was the advantage of being able to lose themselves in the vast multitudes already beginning to pour into the colony. Moreover, if no other course lay open to them but that of bush-ranging, they would at least have a huge area to work over and limitless amount of wealth to draw upon. Tasmania was too small, too poor a place.

But how to leave the colony?

Funds were wanted. The cash reserve had slowly decreased until it was within measure of vanishing point. Many and many an hour was spent in devising some means to the wished-for end, and finally the simplest, but, none the less, the most desperate, of all suggestions was accepted as the most likely to prove successful.

It involved co-operation and a journey by Nolans to one of his most trusted spies.

The past of Mark Herron was like that of most of the poorer colonists intimately connected with Port Arthur. He had earned his liberty, and in the enjoyment of it, was not unwilling to obtain an easy income by supplying Garnet, through Nolans, with valuable information.

By general repute Herron, however, stood fairly well. He was as sober as men went, and was a good man in a stable. The proprietors of the coaches, Royal Mail coaches they were, which ran daily between Hobart and Launceston, found Herron useful and reliable as any other man they had. Occasionally, too, he took a turn at guard.

When the guard of a mail coach is a secret

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confederate of a gang of bushrangers, there are always possibilities of unexpected happenings. So at least it appeared to Garnet.

Nolan's mission was a simple one, but, in a sense, delicate. It was like thrusting himself into the lion's mouth to enter Hobart, yet he was desperately anxious to see Herron.

He made for Elslee, on the outskirts of Hobart, and stabled his horse at the hotel. Shortly after dark he strolled quietly out and turned down the main road leading into the township.

Reaching Elizabeth Street, he branched off down a narrow turning, and pulled up at a cottage standing back in a small plot of ground.

He knocked a queer sort of knock of two or three taps. There was a prompt reply. The door was thrown quickly open, and the light from the room revealed Nolans to Mark Herron.

"Hullo, Stevey, my lad! Where from, eh? Come in, come in," he said.

The door opened into Herron's kitchen and sitting-room, and as Wingy crossed the threshold, he observed a stranger seated near the hearth.

He was neither surprised nor unwarned. A single phrase of Herron's greeting had contained a warning that there was danger, and an injunction to be careful.

"Well, well, Stevey, glad to see you, my lad, glad to see you. Mr. Williams, Stevey Fenton, from down Lunbridge way," he continued, by way of introduction. "A tip-top judge of horseflesh he is, too, Stevey. Eh, Mr. Williams?"

Mr. Williams smirked at the compliment. But Herron's remark conveyed a different idea to Wingy.

Police! A Government agent!

Instinctively Wingy's hand stole slowly round and made sure that his pistol lay loose and ready. Then he sat himself down and lit a pipe.

He'll hang," said the police agent. "I hope he will; as a law-abiding colonist, I hope he will!"

Mr. Williams was an entertaining fellow, and over Herron's negus recounted fragments of his travels, and drew from Wingy what stock he had of up-country news.

The police agent, naturally crafty and keenly alert to sound any man who was the intimate of Mark Herron, had, however, met his match in Wingy. The little bushranger saw well enough that the latest news of Garnet was what was being sought for, and accordingly he not merely suffered himself to be drawn, but led the conversation on to a topic which was truthfully the chief one of every inland public-house or station.

"He's clever is this Garnet, but his days

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are numbered. The rope's ready for him, Mr. —er—"

"Fenton," said Wingy, "Fenton's my name, and sure as it is, Garnet 'll be 'anged. Yer right. Only 'e's mighty spry, eh?"

"Yes, yes. I don't deny that," replied the police agent with an air of condescension. "He's quick. Here to-day and there to-morrow, and as bold as brass. But he'll hang. I hope he will; as a law-abiding colonist, I hope he will."

"Yus, as a law-abidin' colonist, I 'ope 'e will," assented Wingy.

"You've seen him probably?"

"Can't say as I 'ave. You 'ave Mark, 'aven't you?"

"Yes, and I'd know him or any of his gang a mile off. I'd like to lay hands on 'em. How much is it?"

"Two hundred on the head of each of them I think," said Mr. Williams.

"My word, eh? Two 'undred each, Jimmy!" murmured Wingy. "Wal, I reckon 'ere's luck to 'im as gets 'em. Eh, Mark? How's things wiv you, me daisy. Ain't seen you up along lately."

It was an innocent remark, but between the lines of it ran an unspoken message to the effect that Wingy was present on urgent business.

"No, what with this way and that. But I'm travellin' up on Friday's mail."

It was exactly what Wingy wanted to know, but the unspoken injunction to take as quick a departure as possible was not lost on him.

"Next Friday! Weather permittin', eh?"

"Anyhow I reckon. How are the roads?" was the answer to Wingy's signal that Herron was wanted urgently and particularly on the day he had mentioned.

"Oh, well enuff. Bit sticky over beyond Campbelltown. In the gully across the Macquarie you'll find trouble."

"Weather permittin'."

"Weather or no weather. It's a bad stretch. Once yer gets stuck there, I reckon I'd reach the diggings afore you could, me and my 'orse."

Not a muscle of Herron's face betrayed his astonishment. Friday's coach was to be stuck up over beyond Campbelltown, and Wingy and his companions were going to make a dash for Victoria. The possibility of such an escape had more than once been discussed with him. Now it was to be attempted.

"Wal, I'm thinkin' as I'll be agettin'," said Wingy rising.

"Well, well, when'll I see you again?" asked Mark carelessly as he accompanied Wingy to the door.

"Any time yer lollop darn Tunbridge way yer'll 'ave no great difficulty in layin' eyes on me."

"Friday, p'raps? Meantime I'll see you to the gate."

Across the little patch of garden a pair of keen eyes from the window watched the two men. Nothing suspicious was to be seen. Nor did the sharp ears catch the low hurried whisper with which Wingy, in a few words, told Herron of what would happen, and the part he himself would be called on to play.

No question of "weather permitting" arose to delay or interfere with the start of the coach for Launceston on the Friday morning. A burly, bearded individual drove, and Herron was guard.

There was a fairly crowded coach, for not only was there a big mail, but some five or six passengers. Most of them were bound for Victoria by a boat advertised to leave Launceston the following morning.

It was a glorious day, and up to Ross the coach made rapid and uneventful progress.

Naturally enough, the conversation amongst the passengers not unfrequently turned upon bushrangers, and more particularly upon Garnet's band. One testy old gentleman, a big run-holder from down South, was loud and long in his complaints at the incapacity of the authorities in permitting such desperadoes to be at large. A young man, a merchant of Hobart, held to a like opinion, and aired loftily and at length upon what he would do if he came into contact with the outlaws. On the whole he made it appear as though a meeting on the journey would be an acceptable diversion.

The other passengers, including an elderly lady, a lady of uncertain years, and a young girl, apparently a governess, were by no means anxious for such a misfortune.

The possibility was not remote. More than once the mail coach had been stuck up and the passengers forced to hand over their purses and other valuables. The experience was, under any circumstances, annoying, and inasmuch as some of the bushrangers were men, not merely desperate and determined, but brutal to a degree, it was sometimes accompanied with actual danger to life.

However, as the morning wore on, and mile after mile was reeled off, the feeling of apprehension grew less. Every ten miles there was a stopping place, where the team was changed, and on an average her Majesty's mail accomplished each ten miles in the hour.

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Ross was some twenty miles south of Campbelltown. There the south-bound coach met the one from Launceston. Roughly speaking, it was the half-way march where adjournment was made for the mid-day meal.

One or two passengers were travelling to Port Arthur, and between them and the occupants of the other coach passed the usual comments on the state of the roads and the price of stock.

The most absorbing topic of conversation, however, were the recent accounts of the gold discoveries across in Victoria. Fortunes seemed to be made in a few days, with the result that a regular stampede for Philip had set in. Everyone was clearing out and making for the diggings.

With respect to bushrangers, the travellers from Launceston made light. They had seen no sign whatever of any such undesirable customers.

Possibly the passengers of the Northern-bound mail might have felt less confident had they been aware of the exact movements of their guard during that luncheon period.

Having attended to sundry necessary duties and finished his meal, he had wandered a few paces off apparently to smoke a quiet pipe. Over by a small clump of bush near the creek he chanced upon an individual, a cattle drover, he seemed to be with whom he held a rapid and brief conversation. A few minutes sufficed for the rough, sturdy-looking little stranger to complete his discourse. Five minutes afterwards, whilst the guard was commencing to bestir the passengers, the drover, on a horse particularly good for a man of his stamp, was travelling at a hand gallop across the flat along the eastern bank of the Macquarie. It was Wingy Nolans, and as he rode he chuckled. When Wingy chuckled things were more than ordinarily well with him.

Meanwhile the passengers were climbing to their respective seats, and presently the coach started on the last half of its journey.

The party forded the head waters of the Macquarie, leaving Murderer's Plain on their right, and passed across Salt Pan Plain. Campbelltown was the next stopping place of importance, and naturally enough it brought to mind the feat of Garnet's gang in sticking up the police and the bank.

After a quick change of horses, presently the coach left the Crown Hotel and passed out of the township.

For a while the road skirted some heavy bush, with the Macquarie rolling onward on the left. To the right Tasman's Peak reared its solitary head.

Crossing Macquarie Plains at top speed, the mail drew towards Epping Forest, to the right, to the left the dense undergrowth stretched and struggled for light under the lofty peppermints and ironwood. Here and there were patches of graceful tree fern, whilst parrots and parraqueets screeched and whistled amongst the branches and swinging vines.

There was a dip on the road about a third of the way through the bush, and then a long steady rise. With the swing and the rattle of a good team, the mail started and tackled the ascent. Then gradually the pace slackened, until it had become a walker.

"It ain't fur now," muttered the driver in reply to a question from the old gentleman. "Just round that corner beyond them tree pines the 'ill commences to drop. I'll make Cox's Creek inside 'o twenty minutes."

Under normal circumstances he probably would have, but there were possibilities the driver had ignored.

Away back in the bush, on the top of the hill, stood three horses, securely tethered, whilst in the low scrub just beyond the bend three masked men awaited the arrival of her Majesty's mail.

Not a leaf stirred. Scarcely a muscle of any of the three moved. In their hands were their pistols. Every nerve was straining to catch the first sound of the approaching coach.

"I 'ear 'em," suddenly whispered one. "They're atalkin' and laughin', bless em!"

"Now mind, Wingy," murmured the tallest of the three, "you cover the driver and make him climb down. Teddy and I'll fix up any men passengers. Fenton 'll see to the women. Sh-sh be ready."

It was necessary. The voices on the road, still shut from view by the bend, sounded plainer and plainer. Even the panting of the horses reached the bushrangers. Another moment the toiling, lumbering vehicle drew round the corner, and almost ran into a barrier of light branches piled across the road.

The driver pulled up short with a cry of "Look out, mate! Mind yourself! There's——"

He scarcely completed his sentence. As the coach pulled up the three men leaped from the scrub. The women screamed, the young man made a nervous and ineffectual effort to find his pistol. The old gentleman, undaunted, extracted one with astonishing celerity, put a hole through Garnet's hat, and

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found himself defenceless and peeping down a steady pistol barrel.

"Hands up, sir! It's no use."

"There ain't nothink in it, Bill," said Wingy to the unfortunate driver. "It's 'ands up, and lively. No, no yer don't," he added as the man made a quick movement for his pistol. "Jist yer come darn and smart. Come along, or it'll be peep o'day through yer and a spoilt westc't."

There was no help for it, and with philosophic resignation and some uncomplimentary remarks, the driver threw the reins over on to the polers and jumped down. A few minutes later the entire coach-load were prisoners—except the guard.

"I'm very sorry, gentlemen," said Garnet, "but the fact is I want your keys and anything of value you have on you."

Reluctantly the wretched prisoners yielded up their belongings, and from the merchant Garnet had the satisfaction of obtaining a large sum of cash in notes and gold.

"It's enough, Wingy, without touching the women. Now then," he continued, "I am afraid we'll have to inconvenience you for a few hours."

They were tied securely, each one to a tree.

The inconvenience promised to be distinctly real, for it consisted in leading the unfortunate creatures a few yards into the scrub and tying them securely each one to a tree.

"It's bad luck finding women on board, Teddy," muttered Garnet. "I don't half like it, but —"

"We've got to get away this time, Jack, this time or —"

"Never. Yes, yes. Well, have you made them secure, do you think, Wingy?"

"You bet. They ain't likely to budge afore the night mail comes along, and it's odds on 'em not being 'eard even then."

"Well, now for the luggage. Hurry up."

Some sort of suspicion had arisen in the minds of the passengers at the fact of the guard being left unbound. There remained no longer any room for doubt when he proceeded to assist the bushrangers in the unloading from the coach of the various belongings of the late passengers. In place of such luggage appeared two boxes and some wraps, the property of the bushrangers.

Whilst Wingy and the guard made the new luggage secure and pulled away the branches from across the road, Garnet and O'Dare drew out of sight. With lightning rapidity they threw off their rougher clothes, and by the time Wingy had comfortably installed himself as driver, they reappeared, immaculately dressed and elaborately disguished with false whiskers. Two finer specimens of travelling Englishmen it would have been hard to find.

O'Dare had adorned himself with close cut side whiskers, whilst Garnet, in place of his beard that had gone the previous day, had affixed a pair of flowing dundrearys to his clean shaven face. He carried a handsome stick, his coat was of quite a fashionable cut, his trousers strapped, and of a delicate mauve hue. Altogether he was obviously a man of fashion and means.

The two new passengers quickly clambered on to the box, Fenton swung up behind, then without as much as a glance towards the shouting, screaming, and in two cases at least, swearing captives, Wingy shook up

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the horses, and topping the crest of the hill, bowled down into the valley at top speed.

The whole episode had scarcely occupied twenty minutes.

At the first change of horses the necessary series of explanations commenced.

"Where's yer driver from mate?" asked the stableman of Fenton, who was lending a hand.

"From down Ross. Bill took bad. A touch o' sun, I reckon."

"Ye're a bit late, seeing yer travellin' light, eh?"

"Yes. Off leader picked up a stone nigh the foot o' Loman's Rise. Got jammed somehow. Put us back a bit. I reckon we lost time, too, gettin' someone to take on Bill's job. Chuck us that trace. I don't like these new fangled swingle bârs, blowed if I do."

"Whose yer passenger. Swells, eh? 'Im and t'other too."

"Rather! Some lord, I guess. Calls 'isself Fairbairn, and 'is mate Clarke."

"Travvelin' ignoramus, eh? Ave ye made fast there? Right away!" added the man, stepping back.

Wingy gave a crack of the whip and shook up the reins. In another minute they were tooling down to the ford of Cox's Creek.

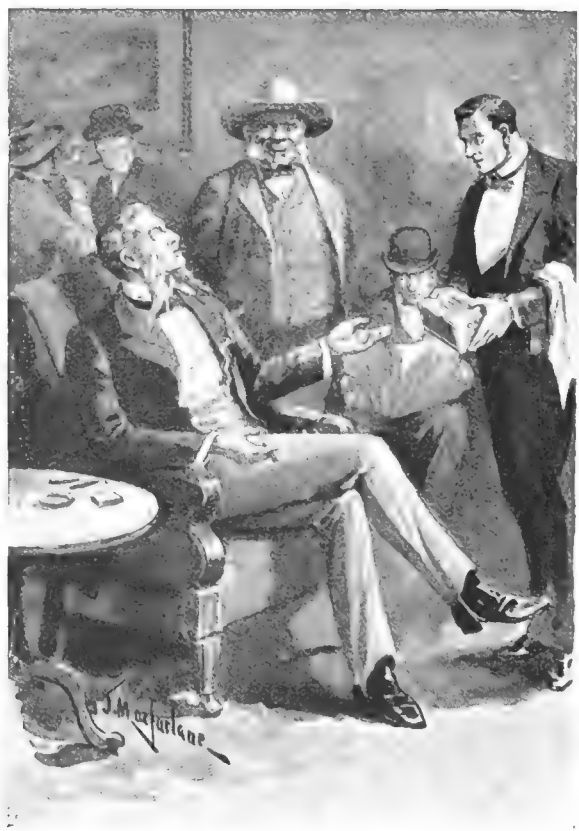
It was nightfall when the coach reached Launceston. From the top of the hill through the evening haze they could see the broad Tamar glistening like a stretch of burnished gold in the setting sun. One by one throughout the town the lights were peeping out.

Rounding into Brisbane Street with a rattle, Wingy brought up his team with a flourish at the post-office, whereat the mail bags were quickly delivered. Then from amidst an admiring throng the coach passed down Brisbane Street to the Launceston Hotel.

Here Messrs. Fairbairn and Clark alighted.

"Aw—ah, delighted at—awa—the way you aw—have brought us," he drawled, at the same time slipping some money into Wingy' hand in such a way that it was seen by several of the bystanders.

"Thank yer, sir," murmured Wingy with a chuckle.



Through an eye-glass he critically surveyed the cigars that were brought to him.

Once inside the hotel, it was clear that Mr. Fairbairn was a gentleman of lordly demeanour and epicurean tastes He ordered of the best the hotel possessed, and obviously possessed the wherewithal to pay for it.

The effect was magical. Everyone from the proprietor to the pot-boy was only too willing to attend and wait on the new comer and his friend. In the dining-room the man-servant, a licensed convict, eyed them with awe and with some keen remembrance of the like he had often seen in the old days strolling along Pall Mall and the Parks. In the public bar they were the subjects of criticism and conversation.

"It's a pity we don't get more o' them sort of gents a-knockin' round," said the proprietor to some old crony. "Lords both of them, sure enuff. Princes, p'raps, with the

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money on 'em too, and the willingness to spend a bit of it. Eh, what?"

"Another bottle o' champagne," said the waiter.

"Drunk t'other?"

"Lor, no! Ain't good enough for 'im. A bit corked or summat."

"Corked! Not a bit on it. I ain't——"

"'E's a-goin' to pay for it, boss."

"Eh, what? Wal, 'ere y'are. Maybe that's corked too; I ain't objectin'."

Nor were the two lordly travellers disposed to be unsociable. They swaggered into the bar parlour, and Garnet, with the air of a prince, dropped into the choicest chair deferentially offered to him.

"Aw, waitah—seegars—waitah. Awful bore, but I've—aw—packed evewy seegar."

Through an eye-glass he critically surveyed the cigars that were brought to him, and on the assurance of the waiter that they were the best the hotel could produce, he helped himself to three or four. He handed one to his companion, and insisted on handing the box round the room.

"Seegars and no dwrinks are aw—flwat and unpwofitable—aw. Some—aw—Champagne waitah—Champagne all wound."

Lord or no lord, the company in the bar parlour quickly discovered the wealthy stranger to be a most entertaining individual. What seemed to interest and amuse him more than anything was the recital of some of Garnet's doings. Evidently, too, his capture was daily expected.

Perhaps Garnet would have played his part with less confidence had he paid closer attention to an individual seated in a corner of the parlour. There was nothing very much about him to attract notice. There never is as a rule much about a Government spy. But the man's suspicions had been awakened by something in Garnet's manner or disguise, and he was hot on the scent of a fine capture. It was incredible to him that it should be Garnet, and yet—. He rose, and, leaving by the front entrance, stole back through a side door, and crept unnoticed upstairs.

In due course Mr. Fairbairn and his companion retired to their adjoining rooms in the front of the hotel. About the same time Wingy retired to bed in a room over the stables. He had spent the evening with some boon companions, several of whom were leaving by the boat the next morning for Victoria.

Meanwhile Garnet in his bedroom had commenced to undress.

With a degree of carelessness excusable only by the heat of the night he had left his window open. It was a French window opening on to a fairly wide balcony running along the entire front.

The next moment, with a quick movement, Garnet had flung his towel over the man's head.

It was late. The noise of the few who had been enjoying the "Swell's" champagne and chatter had died out.

Suddenly Garnet heard a noise, a slight noise, but with a volume of meaning to his quick ear.

Someone was on the balcony, someone who was stealthily creeping towards his room.

A glance told him that anyone lying flat could see under the blind. If anyone did he was lost for the false whiskers were on the dressing-table. He stepped quickly towards it. As he bent over, his eyes fell on the looking-glass, and he saw the reflection of the open window.

Under the blind there was the face of a man.

Not a movement or start betrayed his discovery. With quiet precision he continued to struggle with his collar stud.

In another moment the face was gone.

For a second Garnet stood irresolute. Then with lightning rapidity he unloosened the straps round his rug and wraps. He slipped them round his waist, and lightly buckled them. Then he tucked a towel under them. Readjusting his whiskers and taking his pistol from his pocket, he quietly walked to the window, gently pulled aside the blind, and stepped out.

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There was no one. Above was the dark, clear sky, studded with countless stars. Below, the deserted street.

To the left was O'Dare's room. Apparently he had got into bed and blown out his candle. To the right was a room the occupant of which was evidently still up, for there was a light in it.

Garnet cautiously approached. The window was wide open. Slowly he edged aside the blind, and caught a glimpse of the interior of the room and its occupant. He was the man whom Garnet had seen.

He was on a chair by the side of the bed busily engaged in putting on his boots. On the dressing-table just beyond reach was a pistol.

Garnet took in the situation in that one glance, and knew his man for a Government spy, who in some way had grown suspicious and secreted himself in order to watch the London swell in the apparent solitude of his bedroom.

The individual bent down to pull on the second boot. A sudden noise startled him, and he looked up to find his intended victim once more, fully whiskered, standing over him pistol in hand.

"Hands up. You've no chance. If you cry out or move I'll shoot you. Hands up."

The man lifted his hands. He was helpless.

"Now stand up and face that wall."

Garnet's prisoner rose from his chair and slowly turned his back on the bushranger as ordered. The next moment, with a quick movement, Garnet had flung his towel over the man's head and drawn it tight. It served as an effectual gag. The spy made an effort to resist, but he was at a hopeless disadvantage. Forcing him on the bed, Garnet pinioned his arms and secured them with the straps. The man might perhaps have made a desperate resistance, but he recognised the danger of doing so.

"I'll shoot if you make the least noise," whispered Garnet. "Nothing'll happen if you're quiet. It's fighting for my life now and——You understand?"

Carefully lifting his prisoner from the bed, Garnet carried him to the window and thence into his own room.

Laying his burden on his own bed, Garnet returned to the other room and cleared it of the hat, stick, and pistol belonging to his victim, and extinguished the light.

A few minutes sufficed for the bushranger to make his prisoner still more secure with a couple of loose cords taken from his box.

Trussed like a fowl, tied hand and foot, and effectually gagged, the wretched man lay tucked away under Garnet's bed. The latter had meanwhile undressed and slipped in between the sheets, though not to sleep. Every few minutes he looked to his prisoner.

With the first sounds of awakening life he once more examined the fastenings of his prisoner. Satisfied as to them, he once more rolled him to the far corner under the bed. The valance prevented all possibility of discovery, when the waiter came and carried "his lordship's" box and wraps downstairs, after "his lordship" had partaken of a light breakfast in bed.

Wingy by this time had made his way on board the schooner bound for Port Phillip.

The boat was timed to leave the landing stage shortly after six on the ebb, and at ten minutes to six neither Garnet nor O'Dare had appeared. Five minutes to, and not a sign of them! Six o'clock, and still no sign. Ten minutes later the ropes were being cast off, when both Garnet and O'Dare appeared, the latter as precise and deliberate as ever.

Two minutes later the little schooner was making steady progress down the river for Georgetown, and thence across Bass's Straits for Port Arthur. Under the lee of the deck-house Mr. Fairbairn was seen to wipe the sweat from his forehead. It could scarcely have been the effect of hurry or exertion.

Three hours later, when the schooner had cleared the heads and was bumping her cut-water into the rollers of Bass's Straits, Garnet, with O'Dare beside him, was leaning over the taff-rail, watching the shores of Tasmania growing greyer and greyer in the distance.

"There fades a bit of the past Teddy boy—if the past can fade—a past of prison and bushranging. What are we bound for? What are we going to? Is it to be fortunes at the gold-fields? And then—home?"

"Home," whispered O'Dare, "ah! if only —— Well, what must be must be. One thing, Jack, I'm never going back to that life," he added, with a nod towards the fading land.

"Nor I," murmured Garnet. "There are three of us. We'll take things as they come; live honestly if we can—but live. If those hounds track us out, why we'll make it as hot for them in Victoria as we have over yonder."

"Ah, well," he added after a moment, "we must trust to chance and hope for the best. Whatever happens—aw—," he continued in the affected style of Mr. Fairbairn, necessitated by the approach of some fellow passenger, "is—aw—another chwaptah."

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SOME INTERESTING INSECTS

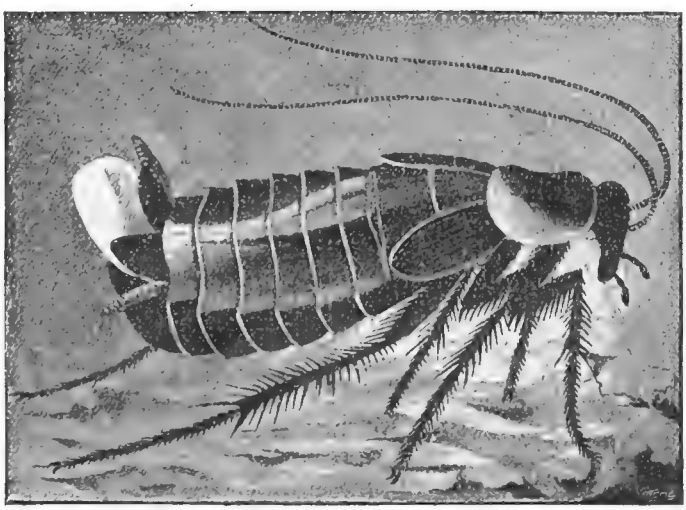
By JAMES SCOTT

(*With illustrations drawn direct from Nature by the writer.*)

INTENDING this to be a popular article, I have included creatures which do not conform to the scientific description of insects, although so called by most people. For instance, a spider is *not* an insect, but as it is generally regarded as one, I will not haggle about the matter.

As the drawings portray the insects largely magnified, some idea of their curious formation will be gained; and this should lend an additional interest to the subject. I will begin with the much-hated cockroach, who originally came from abroad and settled so snugly among us.

Cockroaches (or black-beetles, as they are more widely known) afford some extremely interesting peculiarities. When the female produces her eggs she *always* deposits a batch of sixteen. The reason why this astonishing habit is unalterable can be scientifically explained, but does not call for further attention here. The reader's interest will be more enhanced by the statement that these sixteen eggs are invariably contained in a neat little case, which is a wonderful contrivance in itself.



A female black-beetle carrying her egg-case containing eggs. This is done until it is brown and tough.

The prospective mother carries this egg-case about with her in safe custody, as a precaution against possible spoliation, for several days, during which time it turns from a whitish colour to a rich brown, and also hardens considerably. The case is secured within a hinder receptacle, the shape of which almost conforms with that of the end of an ordinary boat. At irregular periods the strange case is protruded from its receptacle in order that the air may take effect in hardening it; and at such times a pair of flaps are lifted to enable this to be accomplished. The eggs themselves are prettily ornamented.

There exists a striking dissemblance between the male and female cockroach. The latter possesses no wings and is adorned with merely stunted and dummy wing-cases; but the quaint-looking male is furnished with a large pair of horny wings, which are generally concealed beneath a pair of hard covers or cases. Each wing folds neatly lengthways, in order that it may be properly secreted and protected by the covers.

The illustration gives a portrayal of this

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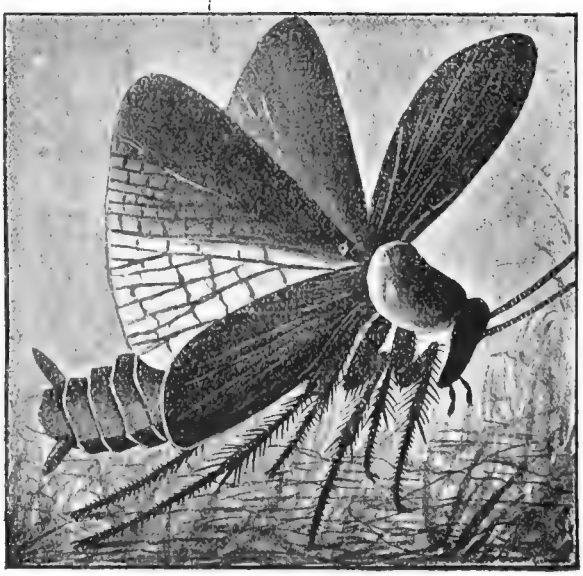


The male black-beetle spreading its wings.

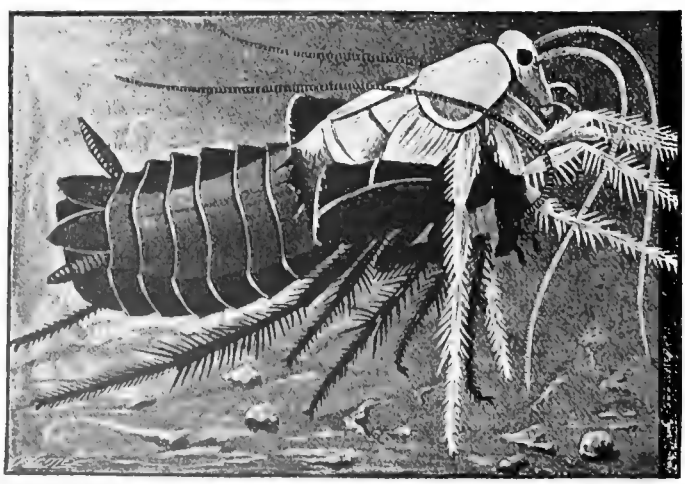
detested creature in an attitude which may create some surprise among people who disregard the peculiarities of insect life. The wings are there shown spread ready to enable the cockroach to take flight. This habit is seldom indulged in; but will account for the sudden and mysterious disappearance of one of these insects from a cupboard about the shelves of which it may have been excitedly pursued by a shocked housekeeper. At such times the aid of the wings allows the cockroach to spring from a shelf on to a lower one, and innocently escape, whilst the hunter is wondering where on earth it could have concealed itself.

A black-beetle moults several times during its worried life, and casts its skin in a strange way. The shell (for it is really a shell), splits for a certain distance along the back, and there subsequently slowly and laboriously emerges therefrom a *white* black-beetle. The remaining shell is a perfect *fac-simile* of the insect which has so quainly jumped out of its own skin—body, legs, antennæ (or "horns" as they are popularly termed), and every other part being exactly the same as when it encased the sickly creature which has left it. After the elapse of a few hours the ghostly thing becomes as brown as the deserted shell, which shell may slowly decay, or serve as food for the ravenous companions of the departed lodger, or even, maybe, for the departed lodger himself. The illustration depicts a female.

There exist in this country as many as nearly four hundred *different kinds* of spiders: and it may be reasonably conjectured that their individual habits differ. The larger number of them, however, form cocoons or bags composed of their delicate silk in which to enclose their relatively enormous quantity of eggs. The female spider weaves the silken cup by encircling her own bulky abdomen with her thread. The process is attended with great care to ensure due shapeliness in the contour of the cocoon.

When the cup has been properly made to the requisite dimensions and thickness, a liberal supply of eggs are deposited within and above it, and these are subsequently concealed entirely from view, as a safeguard against the direful effects of exposure to the cold, by more layers of silk, the production eventually appearing as a fluffy ball, destined to be suspended in a snug corner or cranny where it may conveniently wait for the process of egg-hatching to ensue.

Some spiders carry their cocoons about with them with quite a loving regard. In such cases the egg-bags are suspended be-



The female black-beetle in a *white* condition emerging from a complete and exact mould of itself—in reality its former skin or shell.

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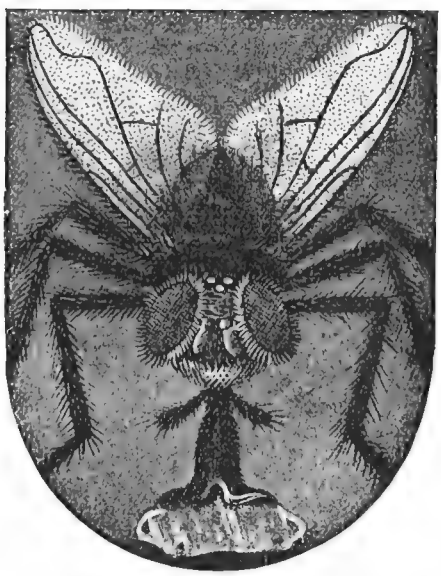
Female spider with half finished cocoon filled with eggs. The cup is fashioned upon the creature's body.

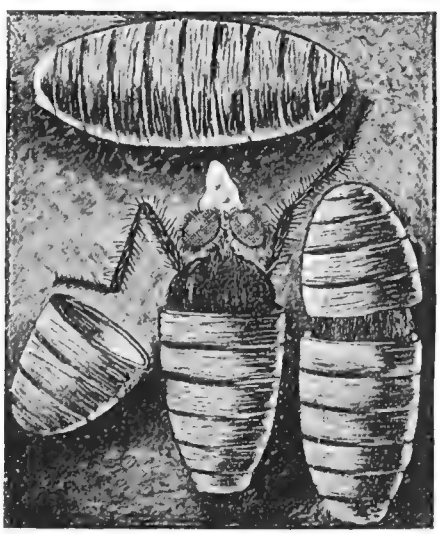
neath the bodies of the creatures, the extraordinary length of their legs permitting them to perambulate about with their burdens quite comfortably.

The spider's pair of poison-fangs, somewhat resembling tusks, are conspicuously shown in the illustration, which also displays understandably the eight simple eyes allotted (as a rule) to each of these generally detested animals.

Although the house-fly is too well-known to most people, there is no doubt that the exceedingly curious transformation which it undergoes before it can fly is still a concealed wonder to many persons. The fly lays a bewildering number of exquisitely decorated eggs (microscopically considered), from each of which issues, under favourable conditions, a small white unpleasant-looking grub. If the circumstances permit, the grub will consume an enormous amount of food; which nourishes it so astonishingly as to promote its growth to a bulk many times in excess of its original size. When the proper time has arrived the enlarged grub lies quietly in a cosy nook, and becomes so transformed within a few hours that uninitiated people refuse to believe that it in its later stage, is really the same creature. From being a soft white pappy maggot it shrinks to a hard,



House fly with its wonderful trunk clasping and melting a grain of sugar.



House fly leaving its coffin in which, as a grub, it voluntarily buried itself. The nose-bag is a special temporary contrivance used to force a way out.

brown, cylindrical object, with no apparent life in it at all—a worthless bit of clay, to all appearances.

But, within that brown case will ensue a most marvellous transformation. Many persons wrongly think that these brown cases are the eggs. The contents slowly fashion themselves into the form of a complete fly, with legs and wings tucked neatly about it. When the insect is ready to emerge it forces off a portion of the case by distending a kind of air-bag which grows between its eyes for this

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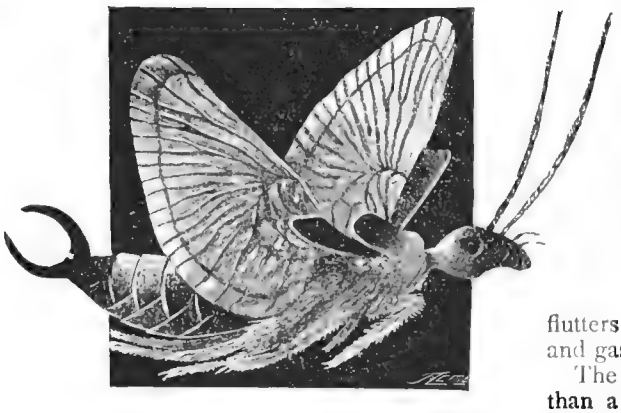


An earwig flying.

express purpose, for the membranous bag afterwards disappears by shrinkage.

Flies, like other *true* insects, do not grow. Although there are big and little house-flies, their variations in size depend entirely upon the amount of food they can consume while in the grub state, and the consequent size they attain when the time arrives for their transformation from grubs into flies.

These facts are absorbingly interesting to students of the unfamiliar familiar life (for it *is* that) around them. In its grub state the creature eats any refuse by biting; but as a fly it *sucks* its food, and then prefers sweet commodities. The house-fly owns a remarkable trunk or proboscis, an accurate representation of which is given in one of our illustrations. The two large and ordinarily visible orbs of a fly are each composed of hundreds of minute lenses; whilst on the top of its head the insect carries *three* plain eyes.

It may be said that the fly can withdraw its trunk from our sight so completely that no portion of it whatever is observable.

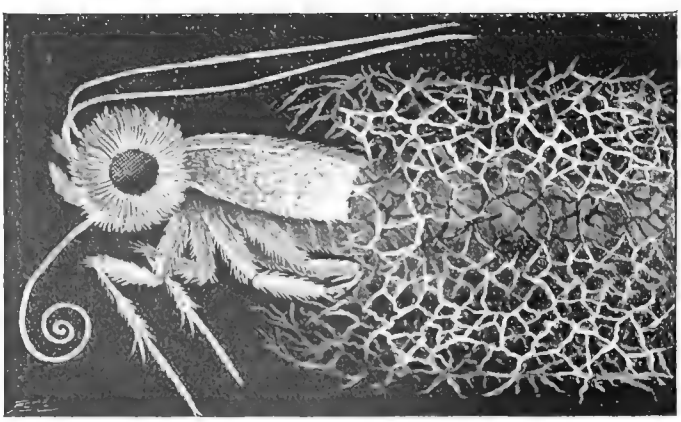
The pretty little gilt clothes-moth passes through various stages of life equally as remarkable as the career of a fly. First it is a tiny grub hatched from a beautiful microscopic egg. Here I might state that it is only the grub which accomplishes the destruction of our fabrics, which it does in order to provide itself with food, and also to construct a cocoon in which it encases itself. Just as a snail creeps about incommoded with its shell so does the moth-grub parade with its cocoon, protruding the forepart of its body therefrom during locomotion.

When the proper time arrives for its metamorphosis, the grub lies immovable within its cloth case, and, like the fly, becomes altered into a hardened, brownish lump, the shell of which will be subsequently discarded when the moth emerges from it and flutters so tantalizingly around the lamps and gas-jets.

The moth is personally less troublesome than a fly, for whereas the latter irritates us bodily, the former has no inclination to interfere with us in any way. The moth possesses a long and ingeniously contrived trunk (which can be coiled up) with which it sucks syrup and other sweet substances just as a butterfly does. It could not bite our clothes if it endeavoured to do so for a year. But, of course, by destroying a moth, probable generations of grubs are hindered from being born.

A dwarf whose habits are still supposed to be confined to solid earth is the earwig. It can, however, soar aloft as easily as any fly. Whereas the pinions of a cockroach are horny and dull in composition and appearance, those of the earwig are really beautiful objects, sparkling radiantly with a variable rainbow-glow when observed in a good light.

As earwigs fly only at night, it is rare for even those people who hunt them assiduously to see one in this unfamiliar attitude. It therefore became necessary for me, in order to make the illustration No. 9, to unfold the wings of a captive insect. They are extremely large, and



The resurrection of a clothes moth. It enters a cocoon made from cloth, as a grub, and emerges as above.

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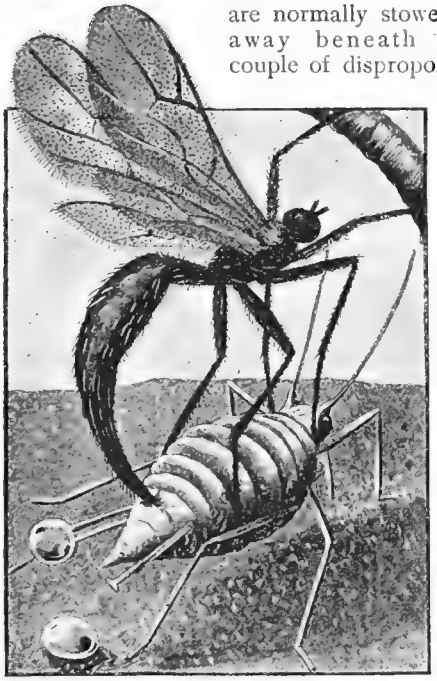


An ichneumon fly laying its eggs in a living aphis, which will be slowly eaten while still living by the grubs henceforth hatched from the eggs.

are normally stowed away beneath a couple of disproportionately small cases, which indeed do not completely protect them.

Among the most remarkable habits practised by insects are some which, if they had their counterparts in larger forms of life, would be considered outrageous.

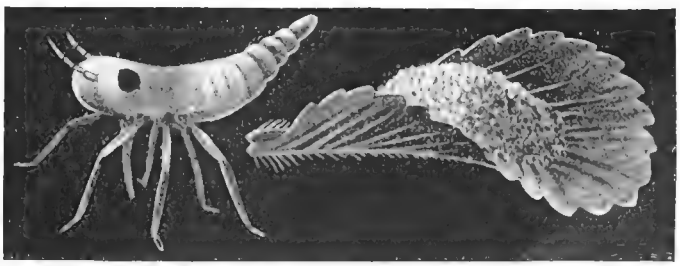
There are flies—ichneumon flies—which lay their eggs inside the bodies of poor defenceless living insects. They lay them nowhere else. In course of time grubs hatch out from the strangely secreted eggs, and instead of crawling out from the gradually weakening victim, they obstinately remain and actually subsist by consuming its living flesh.

In our illustration an ichneumon fly is depicted in the act of piercing the body of an aphis—one of those curious little things found in great numbers and varieties of form on all sorts of vegetation. One kind appears as tiny green specks on cabbages. The fly's eggs pass along a special contrivance at the end of the fly's abdomen, which extends telescopically and pierces the chosen victim, and fall into the space prepared for them.

In many cases the injured aphis lives until the ichneumon grubs are ready to pass into the chrysalis state, from which they will emerge as complete flies. At other times they will be so gluttonous as to kill the poor aphis, and they then suffer themselves from having exhausted their food supplies. Many caterpillars are especially liable to the fearful attacks of the dreaded ichneumon flies.

It is probable that some readers may think that I have exaggerated matters in the illustration; but it is not so. The picture was made from professionally preserved specimens of an aphis and the actual fly which had pierced it, mounted for private exhibition. The exact proportions of the attacker, and its natural attitude during attack, as well as the aphis, are carried out correctly.

You may often have noticed a substance on the leaves of some plant whose somewhat repugnant resemblance to saliva is quite remarkable. Many a countryman will serenely inform you, if questioned as to the nature of the stuff, that it is the "spit" (saliva) of a cuckoo, and that some day a young cuckoo will be hatched therefrom. If a cuckoo *were* produced from the substance mentioned, the thing would really be no more astounding than many of the facts with which naturalists are already acquainted. But cuckoos are not born in this haphazard manner. The nasty-looking substance is manufactured by a queer little green bit of life who envelopes itself completely within it, as a protection from both heat and cold, and also, there is no doubt, as a deterrent to birds and predaceous insects of a larger growth. A largely-magnified drawing of the weird creature is given here, whilst a leaf supporting some of the substance (drawn to a smaller scale than the insect) is subjoined. The creature has a slender trunk furnished with apparatus for piercing the leaves on which it accommodates itself so strangely.



The cuckoo spit; an insect which secretes itself in froth. The idea is still current that the froth is the cuckoo's saliva, and that therefrom young cuckoo's are hatched.

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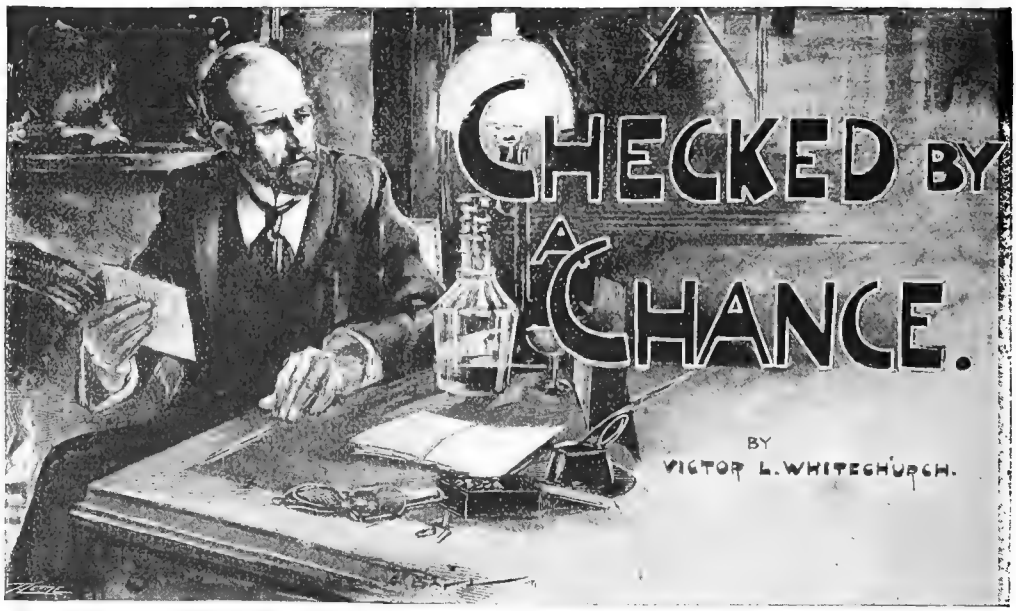

Mr. Gerald Bardwell sat at his study table facing a pile of documents and a decanter of port, from which he had just poured out a fresh glass. To look at there was nothing extraordinary about him, for Mr. Gerald Bardwell was an eminent type of his profession —a well to do City man, a "successful financier," slightly bald, with thin sandy-coloured hair and closely cropped whiskers, a tightly pursed up mouth, that told you at once it had formed a determination never to disclose unwarily the secrets of its master, pale, steely eyes that betokened the shrewd, mathematical mind within, a forehead furrowed with the lines of financial calculations. Set and unsympathetic was Mr. Bardwell's face as he slowly and methodically went through the papers lying before him and sorted them into the pigeon holes and drawers of his study table.

Yes, Mr. Gerald Bardwell, of the highly respected firm of "Bardwell and Co., 19x, Threadneedle Street," was shrewdly and quietly making up his accounts.

His last accounts. In the pile of papers and old diaries upon his table might be read the balance-sheet of his life, a balance-sheet only known to himself. And a very ugly balance-sheet it was, too. Many a man on 'Change would have lost his admiration for the great financier could he have seen a few of its items. It was just as well that Mr. Bardwell had managed to keep them to himself all these years, but now the time had come which he had been anticipating for several months, the time when he could no longer prevent his life's balance-sheet becoming public property, the time when the world would at length know him as a failure —a dishonest, fraudulent failure.

He was alone in the house—the large detached Beckenham house, which he had purchased a year before as a suburban residence. That very day he had dismissed his servants—peremptorily, with a five pound note to each. Perhaps they had gathered some idea of the state of things. But of that he cared nothing now. He was only determined that the last act of the drama of life should have no audience.

There was a blazing fire in the grate, and the charred paper scattered around it told of wholesale destruction of documents. Every now and then he tossed a fresh consignment into the flames and watched them burn with a grim smile.

At length only one little packet of papers remained. The rest had either been sorted or destroyed.

He tossed off a glass of port and looked at them.

"Ah, well," he soliloquised, "these are the worst of all. They're bad—very bad. Many a man's in prison now for less than this. . . . What would the City say if they saw *these* flaming in the newspapers, and Gerald Bardwell in the dock? Well — the world won't spare me much as it is, curse

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it; but, at least, I'll do it out of all the scandal I can."

He sat for a few minutes deep in thought. Then he glanced at the clock.

"A quarter past two. It's time it was over. It'll be daylight in a few hours' time."

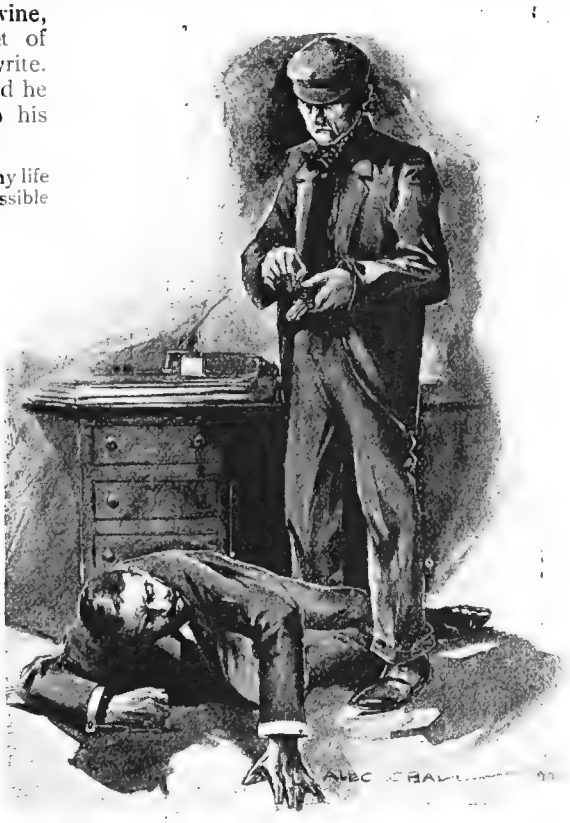
He unlocked a drawer and took out a revolver and a box of cartridges.

"I shall want only one," he remarked grimly as he selected a single cartridge and loaded one chamber of the weapon with it.

Then he laid it down on the table, drank another glass of wine, took a blank sheet of paper and began to write. When he had finished he took the paper into his hand and read thus:

I am about to take my life because I see no possible chance of extricating myself from embarrassments which I know must in a few days' time become public, and I have no wish to be a witness to my own ruin. You are in possession of my will and other papers. The former will be of no use, for I die bankrupt, and there is nothing to leave. Kindly destroy the latter.

He signed this letter and then directed an envelope to his solicitor. He was just about to blot it, when a sudden sound startled him. He listened a moment. Yes—someone was in the house.



The burglar standing over him charging his revolver.

The instinct of curiosity mastered all else for the time. Silently he turned out the gas. The fire was by this time reduced to embers, and the room was almost in darkness.

He could hear distinctly a footstep in the passage outside. Mechanically he grasped his revolver in his hand, gazed towards the door through the gloom, and waited. Nearer and nearer came the stealthy tread; then the door opened and a streak of light appeared. Wider still, and Gerald Bardwell, partly hidden behind the American desk-table, saw the figure of a man holding a small lantern entering the room.

For a moment or two the intruder did not discover that he was not alone, in fact, he had advanced well into the middle of the room before the ray of his bulls-eye lantern fell upon the nickel-plated revolver pointing at him. He gave a start, hesitated a moment, and turned.

"Stand still," cried Bardwell, "or I'll shoot."

At the sound of his voice the burglar immediately paused in his flight, and flashed his lantern on the face of his opponent. A cry of astonishment broke from his lips, a strange cry of malicious astonishment, and he slowly advanced towards Bardwell, keeping the light steadily fixed upon his face.

The latter raised his weapon slightly, so as to get it in a line with the burglar's head, and pulled the trigger.

"Click!"

That was all.

He had forgotten that he had only put one cartridge in, and that he had not yet brought the loaded chamber into its firing position.

"Ah!" cried the intruder. "Not loaded, eh?"

With a spring he was on him, and before Bardwell knew what was happening, he felt the revolver wrenched out of his grasp and himself sent sprawling on the floor with a blow between his eyes. So sudden was the at ack and so well delivered the blow, that it rendered him senseless for a minute or two. When he picked himself up, he found that the burglar had re-lit the gas, and was standing over him charging the revolver with cartridges.

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"This is a most unexpected meeting, Mr. Bardwell," he said coolly.

"Who are you?" exclaimed the other. "Leave my house before I ring for my servants to give you in charge."

"Rather superfluous," replied the burglar, with a laugh. "I've made a tour of your premises, and there doesn't appear to be anyone in the house except yourself. I'd no idea *you* lived here when I came in, but I assure you it's a great pleasure to meet you—alone."

"Who are you?" gasped Bardwell, looking at the man before him, a strong, muscular figure, with a cap that was drawn deeply over his face and hid his features. "What do you want?"

"Sit down!" exclaimed the other, motioning him to a chair.

Gerald Bardwell obeyed. The man with the revolver stood over him, keeping it pointed at him.

"You want to know who I am and what I want? You shall. I'm a social outcast—a thief—a burglar. I broke into this house to-night little knowing who was the owner of it, and now I find my luck—good or bad—has placed me face to face with the man who made me what I am, with the man who ruined my life a score of years ago, who brought me to disgrace and starvation, and killed my wife with the burden of it; who, to conceal his own vile deeds—deeds which I alone knew—slandered and persecuted me—me, an innocent man—as a forger and a thief, after laying a cunningly designed trap to catch me—who has made me the felon that I am now—without hope—without sense of shame. Mr. Bardwell, I think you know me now, don't you?"

And he tossed his cap to the ground and thrust his face close to the other's.

"William Richardson," whispered the latter.

"Yes, William Richardson — once your confidential clerk. Have you forgotten me?"

"It—it—was so long ago," stammered the other.

"So long ago? Yes, and that makes it twenty times worse—twenty years of shame and crime and suffering and prison. I often wondered I've never tried for revenge. I suppose I've been too crushed to seek it. But now that it's been put in my way I mean to have it?"

"How?" asked Bardwell. He was becoming cooler now. He was remembering the purpose of the night, and had half regretted the fact that he had not shot himself before this new comer appeared.

"Thank God you've come!" cried Richardson. "It's as much as I could do to hold him."

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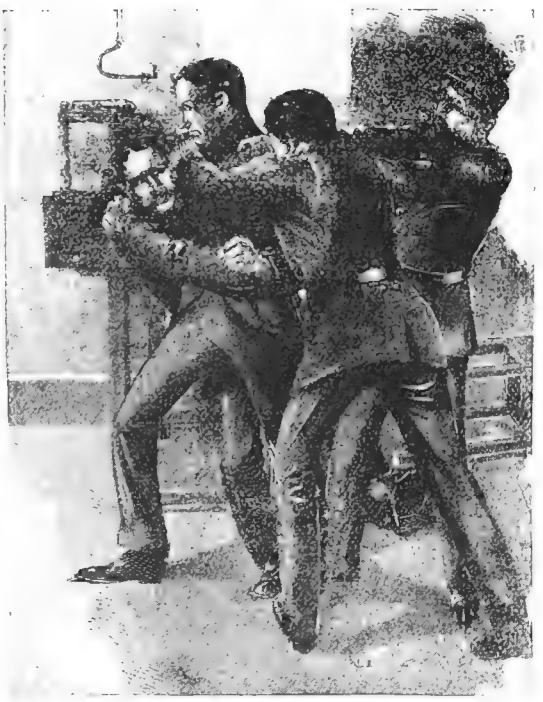
"How?" echoed the latter, "I'd like to shoot you down like a dog, you hypocrite!"

Gerald Bardwell folded his arms and looked steadily at Richardson's malignant face.

"Then why don't you do it?" he said quite quietly. "I'm not in a position to resist."

The burglar stared at him in astonishment. Bardwell went on:

"When you've shot me, perhaps you'll be kind enough just to put that letter on my table into the envelope and post it. You'll find a stamp in that little box in the corner."



There was a sharp struggle.

"Curse you, what do you mean?" growled Richardson.

"Read the letter, and you will see," replied Bardwell, with a sardonic smile.

The other read it. The nature of the case dawned upon him.

"So that one cartridge was for you?" he asked.

Bardwell nodded.

"Yes," he said, "so by putting a bullet through me you can end the little tragedy, and have a perfectly safe revenge. My servants are all dismissed. The shutters are closed, so that the shot will not be heard, and, to make it absolutely secure for you, there is the letter in my own handwriting proving suicide. Just put the pistol in my hand afterwards, and all will be right. Oh, by the way, there's a ten-pound note in my pocket-book—you may as well take that as an executioner's fee. It's all the money I have in the world, for, as you have gathered by that letter, I am ruined."

Bardwell sat in his chair, slightly back from the table, leaning forward and impressing his arguments on the other. Richardson still kept the revolver pointed at him, but the coolness of his adversary disconcerted him, and he hesitated.

"Excuse me one moment," went on Gerald Bardwell, stretching out his hand towards the little bundle of papers, "but I think I'll burn these first, if you don't mind."

"Stop!" cried Richardson, recovering himself, and snatching at the papers before the other could reach them; "why do you want to destroy them? No—hands off," he went on, as Bardwell tried to recover the bundle, "sit down again!"

And, forcing him into the chair, he held him there with his right hand, while he turned over the papers with the other.

"No wonder you wanted to shoot yourself, Mr. Bardwell," he said presently, "with such villainy as this on your conscience. It's a lucky thing for you you have not been found out before, but these papers are an exposure with a vengeance. Do you know what they'd do? They'd brand you as a forger—a miserable, low thief. No wonder you wanted to shoot yourself, I say."

"For God's sake destroy them and let me die, Richardson. There'll be enough to publish about me after I'm dead without them."

"Destroy them?" said the other, putting them carefully into his breast pocket. "No, I think not, Mr. Bardwell. Come—keep off—you know I'm the stronger man of the two."

"What good can they do you? And if I die, what can it matter?"

"If you die? Ah, yes. But you're not going to die, Mr. Bardwell. You're going to live, do you hear? You're going to live, and bear all the shame and disgrace. You're going to stand in the felon's dock. You're going to be a bye-word of scorn among men. You're going to do penance for many a weary year in prison—do you hear me?"

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"Shoot me—shoot me," groaned the wretched man, now thoroughly cowed. "Let me die, I say—give me the pistol, curse you—give me the pistol, I say!"

But his efforts to recapture the revolver were in vain. Again Richardson mastered him, placed an iron arm round his waist, and dragged him to the window. With the other hand he undid the shutters and opened the sash. The first pale, grey, light of the dawn came stealing in.

"What are you going to do?" asked Gerald Bardwell.

"You'll see," was the answer.

He dragged him back to the table on which he had laid the revolver, and took up the weapon.

"That's right—for Heaven's sake shoot me!"

"Not I," said Richardson with a laugh. "I've a better revenge than a clumsy murder." He pointed the weapon to the ceiling and fired.

"Bang!"

The report reached the ears of a policeman a couple of hundred yards up the quiet, suburban street. The next moment he was running along in answer to Richardson's loud cries for help.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed as he came bounding in through the window.

"Thank God you've come!" cried Richardson. "It's as much as I could do to hold him. I only just stopped him from shooting himself as it was."

"It's a lie," shrieked Bardwell. "This man's a burglar, and I give him in charge."

"Look at that letter on the table," replied Richardson, with a wink at the bewildered policeman. "That will explain matters, I fancy."

Despite Bardwell's frantic exclamations, the constable read the letter with great deliberation.

"I see," he said, when he had finished; "it's a pretty close shave, ain't it? And who are you?"

"I'm his chief clerk," replied Richardson. "I knew all about his affairs, and when I heard he'd dismissed all his servants, I guessed there was trouble.

"You must come along with me," said the constable—"both of you."

Bardwell was nearly mad by this time, and it took the two men to hold him. The policeman blew his whistle and a comrade appeared on the scene. Between them both he was marched off to the police station. An inspector took down the charge, and Bardwell was removed to the cells. Richardson lingered with the inspector a moment, and produced the incriminating papers.

He was revenged when he saw Gerard Bardwell working in the same gang.

"I think," he said, "that you will find something worth perusing in there.

The inspector grasped the papers eagerly. Richardson turned to go.

"Stop!" cried the inspector. "Hallo—Peters—Smith—stop him! He's wanted—I know him."

There was a sharp struggle, but Richardson was overpowered and handcuffed. . . . And he went to his cell quietly. He felt he would be revenged; and he knew he was afterwards, when he saw Gerald Bardwell working in the same gang with himself at Dartmoor.

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MARVELS OF SLEIGHT OF HAND.

By Hector Grainger.

Photos of M. Le Roy's tricks by Lafayette, Dublin; remainder by Vander Weyde, New York.

After a certain age it is, I suppose, right and proper to put away childish tastes and amusements, and to become manly or womanly as the case may be—that is: to smoke a briar-root pipe, and to wear a very high collar, to make flirting a fine art, or to denounce the bearded sex, one and all, as double-dyed villains. Well yes! but the child dies hard even in the most ambitious of us; and, though fully a man in years, the present writer blushes to confess that he still has a powerful *penchant* for pilfered lumps of sugar, unripe apples (also pilfered, which makes them sweet), circuses, acrobat and sleight-of-hand performances. Sleight-of-hand performances — especially these I delight in, childish amusement though they are; and if you, adult Reader, are quite honest, you will, I am sure, back me up when I say that they would do very nicely to fill up the pauses in a classical concert, just as a frivolous comic print is a very welcome diversion after the perusal of a weighty article in one of our serious morning papers.

To such as agree with me the present article should be of great interest, for not only does it tell some of the secrets of one of the cleverest sleight-of-hand adepts living, but teaches also a series of tricks easy enough for anyone to learn who is ambitious of becoming a social acquisition.

The back and front of M. Le Roy's hand.

Our first series of illustration are taken from the hands of M. Servais Le Roy, the celebrated illusionist and sleight-of-hand artiste. There are many, no doubt who have witnessed M. Le Roy's performances in some of our well-known Variety Theatres, and to such it must have appeared almost as though he did his feats with the assistance of some occult science—mesmerised his audience, in fact, as we are told the Indian *yoghis* do. And yet M. Le Roy calls to his assistance nothing but a wonderful dexterity—a dexterity which he has perfected with years of practice, but which, like the gift for poetry or for music, is born with a man, and can never be originally acquired.

Observe in the first place M. Le Roy's hands. Small, broad, short fingured, they would seem to the uninitiated certainly not the hands for a man of M. Le Roy's calling. And yet those who have studied palmistry will tell you that this form of hand goes very often with dexterity such as M. Le Roy possesses. It is a matter of statistics that adepts in delicate workmanship very seldom possess what is known as the "artistic hand"—the narrow hand with long tapering fingers. This hand, so palmists say, is rather that of the *literateur* and poet, and somehow these gentlemen are seldom over dexterous in any work requiring delicate manipulation with the fingers.

To proceed now to the actual tricks. That with the watch and chain is perhaps M. Le Roy's best known, and, owing to the chain, one of his most difficult. The illustrations speak, I think, for themselves. As first shown, the watch is held up to the audience, with

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M. Le Roy holds a watch and chain in his right hand and shows them to the audience.

For a moment the right hand descends and conceals the left, and the watch and chain have disappeared.

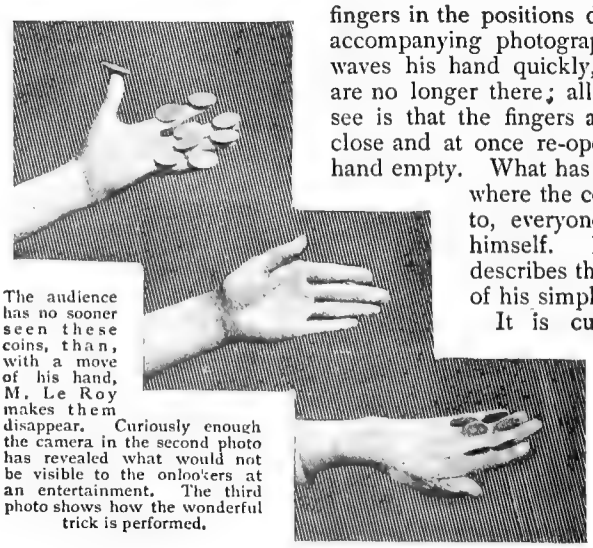
This photograph shows how the trick is performed. But great dexterity is needed, and our readers should not practice on a valuable timepiece.

the chain arranged in a peculiar manner among the fingers. The right hand is descending so as momentarily to conceal the left. A flash — the watch has vanished, and a pair of innocent-looking, empty hands, such as is shown in the second portion of the illustration, is all that the audience see. The third position clears up the mystery. The watch is reposing comfortably against the back of M. Le Roy's hand. In the second when the right hand concealed the left, the performer, with a rapid, dexterous, silent movement, brought the watch into its present position. It and the chain are supported in such a manner between the fingers that the spectators see and suspect nothing. Quite simple, is it not? But let me hasten to warn any rash individual that, when attempting this trick, he had better do it over a feather bed, or with the cheapest secondhand Waterbury watch he can procure.

M. Le Roy's trick with playing cards is absolutely startling in its effect. With his arm bared to the elbow, he holds the ordinary playing cards in his right hand, and almost without a motion of the hand, the cards are seen to vanish. Our illustration shows where the cards get to, but no illustration and no amount of explanation will adequately describe how they arrive there. No one who has not seen this wonderful feat can fully imagine its astounding effect. Such dexterity can only be termed phenomenal.

A truly marvellous feat of sleight of hand. The second photo shows how the cards have been made to disappear. The palm only is shown to the audience.

Money finding and money vanishing tricks have always been very popular. Who has not seen a conjuror go round the first row of the stalls and gather a rich harvest of pennies from the hair and clothes of the astonished audience? This trick is common enough, and needs no comment. But M. Le Roy has a money trick of his own, which, though less sensational than his card trick, is well worthy of attention. He places nine loose half-crown pieces on his fingers in the positions depicted in the accompanying photograph. He then waves his hand quickly, and the coins are no longer there; all the spectators see is that the fingers apparently half close and at once re-open, leaving the hand empty. What has happened, and where the coins have gone to, everyone can see for himself. M. Le Roy describes this feat as one of his simplest.



The audience has no sooner seen these coins, than, with a move of his hand, M. Le Roy makes them disappear. Curiously enough the camera in the second photo has revealed what would not be visible to the onlookers at an entertainment. The third photo shows how the wonderful trick is performed.

It is curious, by the way, to notice what the photographer entirely failed to see at the time, and M. Le Roy

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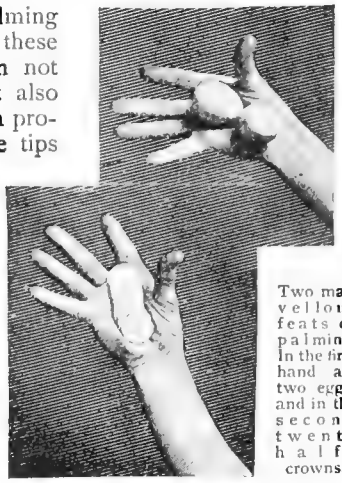
was himself ignorant of, is plainly revealed by the camera. One of the "vanished" coins is palpably peeping out between the tips of the first and second fingers.

Less sensational, perhaps, but really quite as marvellous as any of this modern magician's performances, are his palming feats. A photograph of his hand palming fifty half-crown pieces exists; this, however, shows unmistakable contraction, and the great point about palming is that those looking at the back of the hand should never suspect that anything is contained within. In our photograph M. Le Roy is palming twenty half-crown pieces, and with these firmly fixed in his hand, he can not only shuffle a pack of cards, but also write freely. Beyond this he can produce the coins, one by one, at the tips of his fingers, as though, for all the world, they arrived there from space, thus creating the impression that catching money from nowhere is the easiest thing possible. "But alas!" adds M. Le Roy, with deep regret, "such things never really happen to-day, you know. For every twenty half-crown pieces I produce, I have to spend five bright gold half-sovereigns."



Two marvellous feats of palming. In the first hand are two eggs, and in the second twenty half-crowns.

The palming of two eggs in the manner depicted is another feat which I hasten once more to warn the ambitious from attempting without having the eggs boiled very hard indeed beforehand; or, as M. Le Roy, considering the present price of eggs, suggests, "Practice the trick with your hand over a frying-pan."

M. Le Roy's billiard-ball feat is very artful. He causes four large billiard balls to melt into thin air. But "thin air" is a most helpful assistant in tricks of this nature, especially when working together with a bent piece of wire—an apparatus technically known as "invisible wire." This is attached to the first finger, and hangs down at the back of the hand. M. Le Roy waves his hand, and, while waving it, neatly allows one of the four balls to slip into this ingenious receptacle. An instant later and the ball is rapidly passed into the palm of the left hand, which is presumed only to be pointing to the absence of the fourth ball. This process is repeated with each ball in turn, the left hand unsuspected carrying the balls, one by one, to the performer's pocket. Our illustration shows the back of the hand, which the audience has, of course, no glimpse of, and a ball about to forsake the cunningly laid receptacle for the left hand.

Can you hold four billiard balls in your hand as M. Le Roy does here?

Such are a few of M. Le Roy's wonderful feats, all of them performed with the greatest ease, and a *sang froid* truly astonishing. But there is a wide gulf between the amateur and adepts such as M. Le Roy, or Mr. Leon Hermann, another *artiste* no less ingenious and daring, though renowned chiefly across the Atlantic; and the reader may as well put away from him at once any exorbitant hopes of emulating these masters of the art, and resign himself to the *rôle* of an admiring spectator. Nevertheless, there are feats which he, too, may master with a little patience, a little practice, a little dexterity; and to these we shall now turn.

No form of home entertainment affords more interest and amusement than these simple feats of legerdemain if properly performed. Especially to those who cannot sing or play any musical instrument, and yet wish to amuse their neighbours, the acquisition of a few conjuring tricks should come as a boon and a blessing. And then, contrary to popular notion, some of the very best of these sleight-of-hand tricks do not require either an elaborate apparatus, or the

With the aid of a piece of wire M. Le Roy can make billiard balls disappear.

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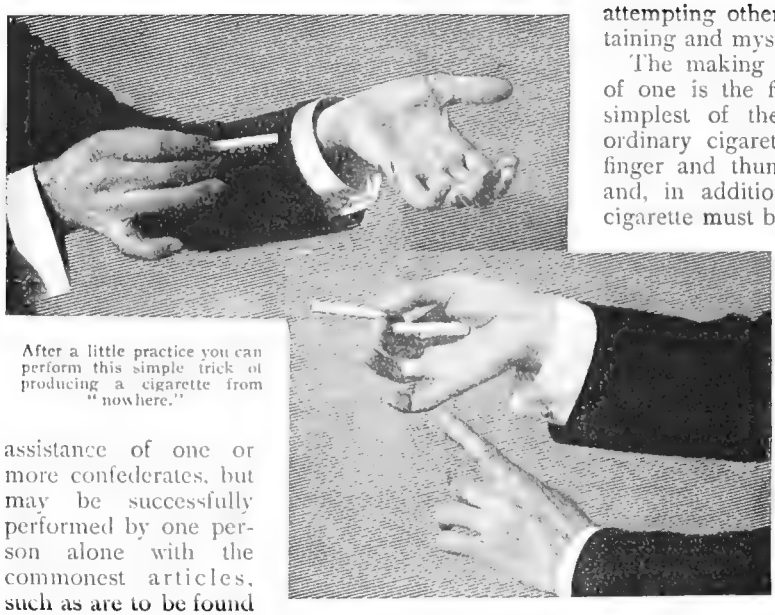

After a little practice you can perform this simple trick of producing a cigarette from "nowhere."

assistance of one or more confederates, but may be successfully performed by one person alone with the commonest articles, such as are to be found in every household. Moreover, very little trouble or expense is required to make a "Magic Evening" a success, and everyone will agree with me in saying that such an entertainment will be welcomed by young folk — and adults also, as I remarked before—who tire, after a time, of the conventional round of dinners, dancing, and "Musical Evenings."

All that is required, then, is dexterity of hand and eye — not more, however, than the average person of intelligence possesses — and a little ingenious "patter," intended to mystify the audience, and suited to the feat that is being performed at the time.

The following are three entertaining tricks, with full explanations for their successful performance, for which we are indebted to Mr. Leon Hermann. Anyone who tries them half-a-dozen times will begin to get "the hang" of magic, and will soon find himself attempting other tricks equally entertaining and mystifying.

The making of two cigarettes out of one is the first and, perhaps, the simplest of these feats. Take an ordinary cigarette between the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, and, in addition to this, a second cigarette must be held in the palm of the same hand, in such a manner that the audience shall have no suspicion of its whereabouts.

Then state your case somewhat as follows:—"As you will perceive, I hold between my fingers an ordinary cigarette. My assistant will pass it round so that you may satisfy yourself that it contains no secret spring or trap-doors. Then I will place it in my right hand, mutter a few words of the Egyptian oracle, open my hand, and, lo and behold! I shall have made two cigarettes out of one. To assure you that I do not take a fresh cigarette from my pocket, I will all the while keep my arms extended full length, and will, moreover, draw up my sleeves,

With careful practice and a morsel of butter you can affix a card to your friend's ceiling, after which performance you are advised to make yourself scarce.

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so that you may know that I do not take a second cigarette from that source."

In spite of your assurances, the audience will instinctively watch your pockets and sleeves, expecting to be able to detect you deftly pulling a cigarette from either of these convenient sources. The palm of the hand is so simple a hiding-place, they will never think of looking there.

The next trick needs a little more presence of mind and dexterity. It is to make a single card, picked out by the audience, stick to the ceiling when the whole pack is thrown there, while all the remaining cards fall to the ground.

All you need this time is a pack of cards and a little lump of butter hidden on the under surface of the table.

The first stage in the famous half-crown trick. Sew a coin in the corner of your pocket-handkerchief.

Having followed the instructions given on the next page, you show the audience what appears to be the two handkerchiefs each containing a borrowed coin.

Say to the audience: "I have in my hands a pack of cards which I will pass round for everyone to examine. Will someone pick out a card and return it to the pack without showing it to me? I will then throw the whole pack of cards to the ceiling, and all of them will fall back again to the floor except the one which has been selected: it will remain firmly fastened to the ceiling."

The explanation is as follows:—When the audience shall have selected a card, and it is being returned to the pack, mark the place with your little finger. After having called attention to the fact that there is no card on the ceiling, and the eyes of the spectators are momentarily averted, slip the card — and this needs practice— to the top of the pack. When you have been successful so far, the rest is easy enough. Run your finger secretly under the edge of the table where you have concealed the lump of butter, and, placing it on the back of the top card—which is the one the audience has selected—throw the whole pack to the ceiling, taking care to throw them so that they strike, not edgwise, but surface to surface. The only objection is that butter is hardly a beautiful ornament on a whitewashed ceiling. You had better make yourself scarce immediately after performing

The *denouement*. The two borrowed coins are discovered in the one handkerchief, while the other is apparently empty.

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this trick in your friend's drawing-room, as he will not be long in procuring the hatchet from the cellar.

The third trick—that of transferring a half-crown piece from one end of the room to the other without the performer handling the coin—is rather more intricate than either of the preceding ones, and certainly more mystifying.

Your visible apparatus is an ordinary silk handkerchief, your own property, a half-crown, a two-shilling piece, and a dotted handkerchief, the last three articles being borrowed from the audience. Your secret apparatus is another half-crown piece sewed up, so that it will not drop out, inside the fold in one corner of your own pocket-handkerchief.

When you state your case your speech might be somewhat on the following lines: "I have here an ordinary white pocket-handkerchief. From some lady I will borrow a half-crown piece, which I will place in the centre of my handkerchief, and tying it up, I will give the handkerchief to the lady to hold, so that she can feel the coin as it is tied. Then from some gentleman I will borrow a dotted handkerchief and a two-shilling piece. I will also tie the two-shilling piece in his handkerchief, and give it to him to hold, so that he can feel the money tied up. Then having placed the lady and gentleman in different parts of the room, I will ask if they do not feel the coins. They will both answer, 'yes'; but I, by merely touching the lady's handkerchief, will cause the half-crown piece to melt away, and on opening the gentleman's handkerchief, both coins will be found there."

The explanation is as follows:—Having drawn out your pocket-handkerchief, shake it to show that it contains no apparatus. Then borrowing the half-crown from the lady pretend to place it in the centre of your handkerchief, while, in reality, you simply tie up the half-crown hidden in the sewed-up corner. When the hidden coin is tied up, hand the handkerchief to the lady who feels and sees the shape of what she imagines to be the coin she gave you. You, however, must keep the other half-crown in your palm until you have borrowed the dotted handkerchief and the two-shilling piece.

Then while pretending to be tying up the two-shilling piece *alone* in the second handkerchief, secretly slip it behind the larger coin. When both coins are tied up in the second handkerchief, hand it to some gentleman in the audience, who can see the shape of the tied-up half-crown through the handkerchief, but does not notice the smaller coin underneath it. Then untie the first handkerchief, shake it out to show that the half-crown has vanished, and untying the second handkerchief, lo! the two coins are found lying one on the top of the other.

Everyone will acknowledge that these tricks are simplicity itself. Nevertheless practice them well before you try to perform them; for it needs not only correctness but smartness and elegance to make them really a success. After that you will be prepared to try your hand at more difficult feats—and then perhaps some day you will be able to accomplish one of those marvels described in the first part of this article.

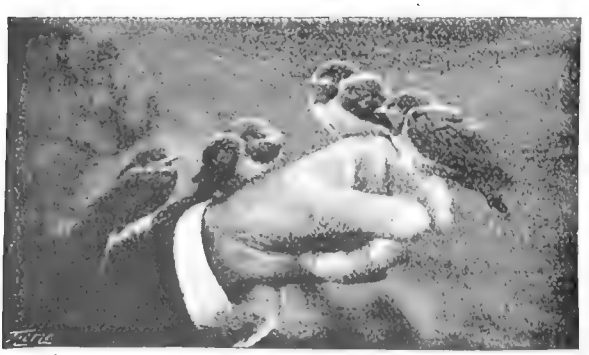

Photo by Chas. Reid.

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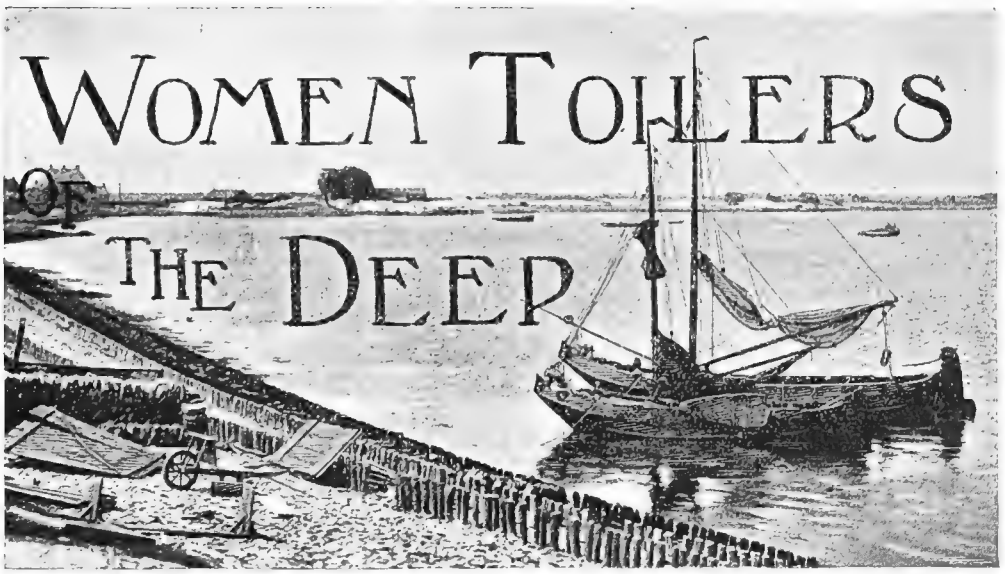
WOMEN TOILERS OF THE DEEP



By Bradford Colt de Wolf.

Photographs by S. R. Elzinga, Goes.

The industrious nature of the Dutch women has long since become proverbial, and this in various departments of human activity. Not only are they expert in all kinds of feminine accomplishments, but also in manual labour of the heaviest sort; and the fathers and husbands look on with the utmost complacency at the toilings of their women-folk. For the Dutch are an eminently practical nation, and think, no doubt, that women, in return for name, protection, and a comfortable home, should do their best to deserve such generosity. They are physically strong, and what a pity it would be to let that strength run to waste! The women, on their part, raise no objection; indeed, they would be most astonished and indignant if forbidden to do the work they have been accustomed to for centuries.

Women are employed on a large scale in the Dutch oyster fisheries, and owing to this, and to the quaint costumes and primitive customs of the Dutch fisher-folk in general, the oyster culture in the Netherlands is of more interest, and offers a larger element of the picturesque, than any other in the world. The old town of Goes is the centre of the oyster industry in Holland, and is as quaint and primitive a place as can be found in the Lowlands. Situated on the Island of South Beolland, in the Province of Zealand, Goes is entirely off the beaten route of tourists. The whole population, with few exceptions—men, women, and children—are engaged in fishing, and more particularly in the oyster industry.

The daily life of these Goes oyster "hunters" is a most typical one. Entire families are engaged in the cultivation of oysters during the whole year, for the oyster beds demand unceasing work. The oyster women are a queer sight when attired in their costume—especially adapted for the purpose—tight-fitting red flannel knickerbockers, black stockings, a shirt with sleeves rolled up to the elbow, and a quaint sunbonnet, which thoroughly protects the head and neck.

Though the inhabitants of Goes are engaged all the year round in the oyster industry, it is in April that the most important part of their work begins. It is then that the "collectors" are placed in the oyster "parks." These "collectors" are curved tiles about a foot long, which, after being carefully washed, are covered with a layer of mortar. Thus prepared, the collectors are able to retain the oyster ova known to fishermen as white spat, or "*naissains*," as they are termed in Holland. These embryos are very minute, and float about on the surface of the water until they become affixed to the "collectors." They are then gathered into boxes 8ft. long by 2ft. in breadth, and the tiles

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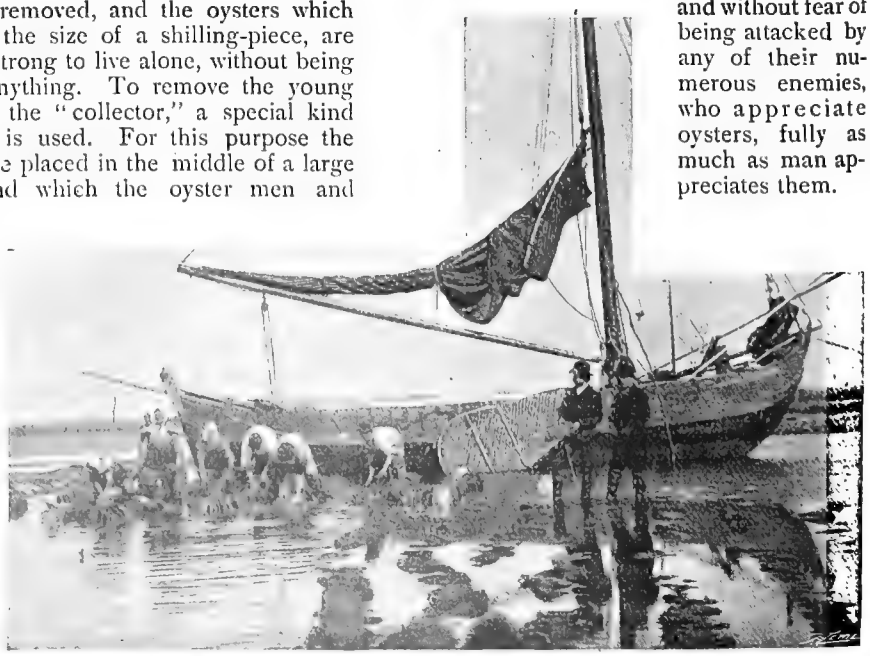
At Work in the Oyster "Parks."

are so arranged as to be constantly bathed by the sea water. From 300 to 400 larvæ are attached to a single "collector."

In August the collectors are removed from the "beds" and taken on land to be put through a first process of cleansing. This operation, which is performed by women, is destined to cleanse the young oysters from all kinds of impurities, and also from the small shells which, by becoming affixed to the young oysters, might hinder their growth. Once thoroughly cleansed, the tiles are replaced in the boxes, where they remain until autumn. The "collectors" are then once more removed, and the oysters which are already the size of a shilling-piece, are sufficiently strong to live alone, without being affixed to anything. To remove the young oyster from the "collector," a special kind of scissors is used. For this purpose the collectors are placed in the middle of a large table, around which the oyster men and women are gathered. The women, who are far more dexterous than the men in this matter, hold the collector in one hand, while with the other they carefully remove the molluscs and throw them into baskets. This operation requires considerable skill, for if performed too hastily the thin shell of the young oyster would be injured. But, notwithstanding all the care that is taken, there is always a loss of from 20 to 25 per cent. during this operation. Thus removed from the collectors, the oysters begin the second period of their existence—an intermediate period of youth, so to speak,—for, though sufficiently developed to exist alone, they are not yet strong enough to resist the attacks of their numerous enemies. They are, therefore, placed for a few months in an apparatus called an "ambulance." These "ambulances" are flat boxes about 10in. high, the bottoms of which consist of wire grating. Thus isolated, the young oysters are completely protected by a box identical with the one in which they are enclosed, but reversed, so as to constitute a kind of cage, in which the water can circulate freely, without allowing fish or crabs to enter. These boxes, which contain no less than 3,000 oysters each, are arranged, side by side, and firmly affixed to the bottom of the "park" by means of stakes. In this manner, the young oysters can thrive in peace, and without fear of being attacked by any of their numerous enemies, who appreciate oysters, fully as much as man appreciates them.



Making ready to place the Collectors in the "Parks."

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The oysters remain three months in these boxes, during which time they are jealously cared for, being watered frequently to remove the impurities and sea-weeds which have gathered among them. At the end of these three months, they have reached a diameter of two to two and a-half inches. They are now of sufficient size for sale, but not yet large enough to bring in much profit. They are, therefore, thrown along the bottom of the "park," where they continue to grow, their shell being of sufficient strength to withstand the attacks of fishes. The oysters continue to grow until the age of two or three years, when they reach the size of four inches in diameter. After the age of three, they stop growing, and there is no advantage in allowing them to remain any longer in the beds.

From the above, it will be seen that the oyster industry of Goes is a somewhat complicated business, requiring several categories of skilled working men and women, all of whom must be thoroughly well versed in their "trade." The men, women, and even children of Goes are, indeed, all practised hands in managing oysters.

Women setting out for the "Parks."

These oyster fisher-people of Goes, who form a community by themselves, live in small wooden huts, facing the oyster-beds. Though the oyster industry demands constant care, as said above, the life led by the good people of Goes is free from the hardships of most sea-faring people.

When at work in the oyster-beds, the men and women of Goes wear a special costume. Their usual everyday dress, when not engaged in the oyster "parks" is, however, far more elaborate. Whereas, in most European countries, the primitive and picturesque costume, which formerly gave so much *cachet* to the natives of Switzerland, Italy, the Tyrol and Spain, has almost entirely disappeared, excepting, perhaps in the too-vivid imagination of certain compilers of tourist guide-books—in Holland, and notably in Goes, the people wear the same quaint dress as their forefathers.

The Dutch are certainly a most characteristic people, and the term commonplace could never be applied to them; and this is especially true of their various national costumes. The Goes costume, with which we are at present concerned, is of sufficient interest to deserve a minute description.

From their earliest infancy, the Goes-children are attired in the local fashion. When a baby is a few weeks old, it is dressed in a tight-fitting red jacket, which is generally elaborately embroidered. In the matter of headgear, it is made to wear a characteristic double bonnet, half of linen, half of silk, on top of which is placed a large crimson handkerchief, ornamented with real lace, which has generally been in the family for generations.

At the age of six, girls are dressed in a skirt of blue figured damask, bordered at the foot with black velvet, over which is pinned a variegated handkerchief. Red stockings are always worn with this costume, which is the everyday dress of young girls and married women alike. But various additions are made to this attire on the occasion of great fêtes and holidays, such as Easter and Whit Sunday, when the women wear their quaint old family jewels, consisting mostly of curiously-designed necklaces, bracelets, and brooches in Dutch silver.

The people of Goes are physically a splendid lot of men and women, notwithstanding the fact that they have intermarried for generations, and are practically all related to each other. In fact they consider themselves as being the members of one large family. Whenever a baptism, a wedding, or a funeral takes place, all the population of the town turns out for the ceremony.

These people are the most cordial and hospitable that I ever came in contact with in Northern Europe, and they are particularly

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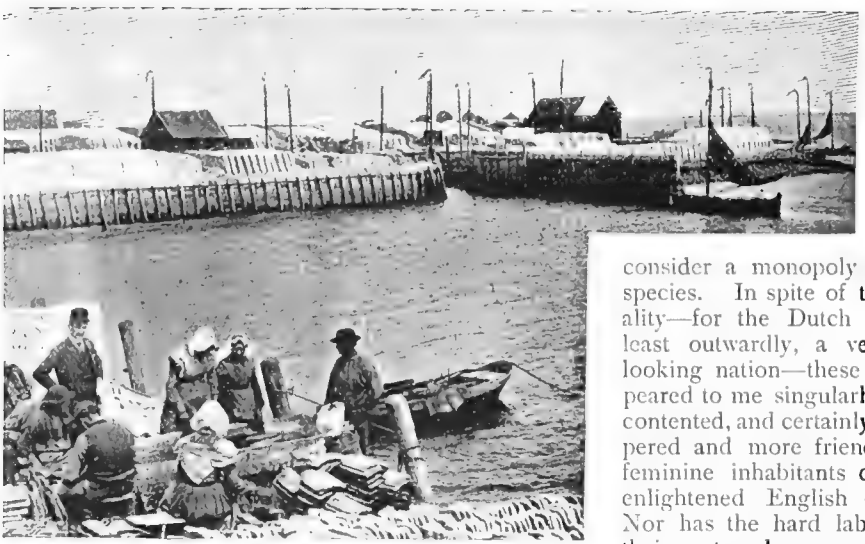

Oyster Men and Women Cleaning the Collectors.

courteous to the few foreigners who visit their village. Men and women, young girls and boys are, alike, among the most famous skaters in Holland. They are taught to skate at the early age of five or six, and continue to practise the art, many of them, until they are grandfathers and grandmothers. I call it an art, for such the sport of skating really is as practised by these Hollanders. The women of Goes are, in particular, famed for their proficiency in skating, and are said to be unexcelled on the Continent.

Such, then, is the town of Goes, its people, its industry, and its customs—a town which no traveller in the Lowlands should neglect to visit. It may be an appalling heresy, and injure my blameless reputation in the eyes of those fair ladies who do me the honour to read this article, when I say that the most noteworthy custom of this quaint people did not seem to me altogether open to censure. I mean, of course, their custom of permitting women to do the labour which others consider a monopoly of the male species. In spite of their nationality—for the Dutch are not, at least outwardly, a very cheerful looking nation—these women appeared to me singularly blithe and contented, and certainly better tempered and more friendly than the feminine inhabitants of many an enlightened English coast town. Nor has the hard labour injured their outward appearance — quite otherwise, in fact! Have I not described them as physically a splendid lot? And I do not mean merely in bulk and stature, but also in face. The Dutch type of beauty, even in the higher classes, has not the delicacy and refinement which the British admire, and are so proud of, in their own women, and in those of their brethren across the Atlantic; it is heavier, coarser, and somewhat expressionless. But such as it is, I think you will have to look far, and among all classes, in the Lowlands before you will find women that merely in point of physical beauty equal or out-rival these toilers of the deep. Surely, then, it would be injustice, and prove us to be blinded by ultra-sentimental ideals of chivalry, if we pronounced a harsh, off-hand judgment on a custom, the effects of which are so satisfactory to all whom it concerns. Just observe our last photograph. Each face is that of a happy, intelligent woman, and the girl seated in the centre might very well turn the head of the coldest Dutch youth.

A Typical Group of Goes Oyster-Women in Working Attire.

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Professor Thimblechick's Crime

By Maud Coleborn.

I.

To begin with, the commission was an absurd one. I knew nothing whatever about diamonds, and was therefore quite incompetent to choose "the handsomest necklace to be got for love or money." Moreover, Uncle Dick's parting injunction to remember it was to grace the neck of "the finest woman in Europe," left me, as the French say, "completely cold." I did not admire the lady of mature charms who had succeeded in enslaving his elderly affections.

I had always looked upon Uncle Dick as an old bachelor, not from interested motives, because, thank Heaven! I had no need to wish for dead men's shoes, but because, though a jolly old boy in the main, he had bachelor ways, and, above all, a hobby. Uncle Dick's hobby took the form of bones. Somehow the idea of matrimony seemed out of keeping with the numerous skeletons that occupied the cupboards and shelves in Uncle Dick's study. My imagination refused to picture "the finest woman in Europe" listening patiently to Uncle Dick's dissertation on the fossil vertebræ of some extinct bird or beast, and still less could I picture her sitting complacently by while Uncle Dick signed a handsome cheque in exchange for some unique skeleton. Uncle Dick's scientific enthusiasm had, however, already shown signs of abatement. A valuable fossil of some unpronounceable prehistoric lizard had come into the market. Uncle Dick and Professor Thimblechick had been wrangling over the subject for years, and the former had commissioned me to pay the dealer anything rather than lose the chance of buying it. On the very day I received Uncle Dick's commission about the necklace I had seen the precious fossil and had wired Uncle Dick the dealer's price. The reply was characteristic of the changed state of affairs: "Purchase of fossil can stand over. Be sure and bring diamonds."

Not being accustomed to travel with several hundreds of pounds worth of jewels among my personal luggage, I took my seat in the Northborough express with the determination of securing their safety at the risk of any amount of personal discomfort. I accordingly settled myself in the corner of a compartment, and, sitting bolt upright, wedged the black bag containing the diamond necklace firmly between my knees.

As I sat idly watching the hurrying throng of passengers, I was struck by the rather curious figure of an elderly man, who was evidently waiting for a tardy travelling companion. He was a little man, with a grizzled beard and wrinkled face that suggested a shrivelled apple from which the juice has long since been drained.

He spent the time in trotting to and fro between the compartment in which I sat and the entrance to the station, now and again giving an anxious glance at the clock.

The guard had just unfolded his green flag, when a girl jumped from a hansom and came running down the platform. The wizened little man thrust her unceremoniously into the carriage, scrambled in after her, and in another moment the train had glided from the platform.

"Uncle Christopher, I'm so sorry," she panted, "I had no idea I was running it so fine; but the road was up, you know, and——"

"It generally is!" came the reply, in something between a growl and a croak from the old man, who was busily arranging his small luggage with the precision of an elderly spinster.

"As for running it fine, you are always doing it," he continued, as he settled himself in a corner with his newspaper.

Running it fine was certainly a becoming process if one might judge from the glowing cheeks and bright eyes of the girl in the corner. She was very, very pretty—a perfect Hebe, in blue serge and a becoming hat. Her eyes were brown, I thought, but could not decide the point to my own satisfaction, though I took advantage of the outspread "Field,"

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to glance more than once in her direction. They were beautiful, anyway, in spite of a suggestion of anxiety in their depths as she glanced from time to time at Uncle Christopher.

He certainly was rather a trying travelling companion; first he dropped his newspaper, then his spectacles; then he jumped up to open the window, remarking what a warm day it was. I acquiesced, smiling, though the month was March and a keen wind was blowing from the north-east. Then he shivered, and the window was closed again, and at last, muffled up in his rug, he had just subsided into a doze when the train rounded a sharp curve. The wizened little man was jerked like a parched pea on to my knees, the bag and newspaper were sent flying under the seat, and my nose came in sharp and rather unpleasant contact with Uncle Christopher's intellectual forehead. He was so genuinely distressed at the little contretemps, apologised so profusely, and was so energetic in diving under the seat to restore my property that we were in imminent danger of knocking our heads together for the second time.

As I stooped to restore his rugs, I caught a little gleam of girlish amusement in the brown eyes opposite, giving place almost immediately to genuine anxiety as she glanced at the older man's pale, perturbed face.

"Are you ill, Uncle dear?" she said gently.

The old man waved her away testily, and rolling himself once more in his rug, composed himself for another nap, which lasted till the train slowed down for the first stop.

"Exeby, Exeby,"' shouted the guard, and the little man started to his feet and began feverishly collecting his luggage.

"Come, Daisy, make haste, make haste, or we shall miss the connection!" he said impatiently.

"But, Uncle, this is only Exeby, and we shall have twice as long to wait—"

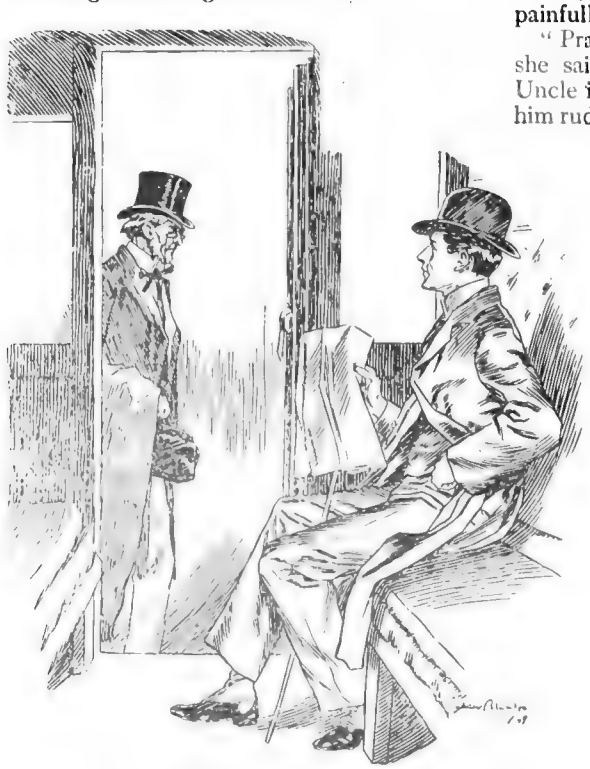
The sentence was drowned in an exclamation of irritability from the old man, as he struggled with his rug and umbrella, holding his bag tightly under one arm all the while.

"Allow me to relieve you of your bag," I said, stretching out my hand.

"No, confound you? No, Sir," said the eccentric little man, as he stumbled clumsily on to the platform, leaving his companion to follow. The girl paused a moment, flushing painfully.

"Pray, pray excuse his seeming rudeness," she said hurriedly, "I can't understand it; Uncle is eccentric, I know, but I never saw him rude before. You will pardon it, I hope?"

I think my expression, even more than my reply, must have reassured her; for with a grateful glance from the pretty brown eyes and a softly murmured "Thank you," she was gone.



He was a little man with a grizzled beard.

II.

"Local train a little late, sir, I'm afraid," said Uncle Dick's butler, civilly, as he relieved me of my coat.

"Yes, confound it. I suppose the dressing bell has gone?"

"Yes, sir, about ten minutes ago. Master's compliments, and he would like to see you in the library before dinner for a few moments, if you can be ready in time."

"Oh, all right, I'll manage it! Any one here, Beeston?"

"Only Professor Thimblechick and his niece, sir. But Miss Strangways arrives to-morrow."

From the expression of Beeston's usually imperturbable countenance I gathered that Beeston by no

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means shared Uncle Dick's enthusiasm with regard to the "finest woman in Europe." I wondered what would have been the faithful retainer's feelings had he known that in the small black bag, which I deposited so carefully on my dressing-table, was a diamond necklace destined to adorn that lady, the value of which would have purchased the "Red Lion," in Great Mirfield, goodwill and all.

I dressed quickly, and, taking the precious black bag in my hand, ran down to the library.

"Very glad to see you, my boy," said Uncle cordially; "ah! I see you have brought the diamonds," he added, eyeing the bag with interest.

"The price was rather a stiff one," said I, as I carefully selected a key from the bunch in my hand.

"Never mind the price, my boy; women like these things, and you know, when the finest woman in Eu— Good heavens, man, what's the matter?" almost shouted Uncle Dick, as he gazed first at me and then at the bag, which had fallen on the carpet.

"The diamonds are gone—must have been stolen," I said, pointing in a dazed fashion to the contents of the bag, which had rolled out in every direction.

With a softly murmured "Thank you," she was gone.

Uncle Dick was on his knees by this time, feverishly unwrapping one after another of the rolls of soft paper that strewed the hearth-rug, and which contained pebbles —common or garden pebbles!

For a moment Uncle Dick and I stared at each other in speechless consternation; then in a flash the truth dawned upon me.

"It must have been that confounded old fossil in the train," I said furiously.

"Fossil?" repeated Uncle Dick, in still greater bewilderment.

In a few moments I had given him a sketch of the old man's eccentric behaviour, and we had mutually decided that the wily old thief had taken advantage of the confusion occasioned by his falling against me, to substitute one bag for the other.

"And the girl was an accomplice, of course," said Uncle Dick.

"Oh no," I vehemently protested. "At least she didn't look it," I added lamely.

"Humph! I suppose she was pretty?"

"Very," said I, decidedly.

"I thought so," rejoined Uncle Dick, somewhat enigmatically.

A pause——

"The best way would be for me to go straight back to town and investigate the matter," said I.

"No train after 8.30," said Uncle Dick, "and you couldn't catch that. Better send a groom to Great Mirfield with a wire to Scotland Yard giving a description of thieves, and then we can both go up to town to-morrow by the early train. I shall have to apologise to my old friend, Professor Thimblechick, but——"

"If you please, sir, dinner is served, and the Professor and Miss Thimblechick are in the drawing-room," said Beeston, at this juncture, in a tone that was a discreet mixture of reproach and deference.

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed Uncle Dick, "they will think me very rude! Rupert,

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"Local train a little late, sir, I'm afraid," said Uncle Dick's butler.

you will join us in the dining-room as soon as you have sent the wire."

And without waiting for a reply, Uncle Dick hurried from the room.

III.

When I entered the dining-room some ten minutes later it was to find Uncle Dick in the midst of a description of the loss of the diamonds. "The only way of accounting for their disappearance," he was saying, "is to conjecture that the other occupants of the compartment— Ah, here you are, my boy. Let me introduce my nephew to you, Miss Thimblechick. Professor, this is Rupert. What? You have already met?"

"We travelled down from town together," said Miss Thimblechick, "and I am afraid Uncle and I were rather tiresome travelling companions, were we not, Mr. Brentwood?"

I murmured something unintelligible while Uncle Dick exclaimed excitedly, "Then you must have noticed the other occupants of the carriage! A rather wizened——"

At this juncture Uncle Dick came to a dead stop in obedience to a vigorous and well-directed kick which I succeeded in administering, accompanied by a warning look, as I said, turning to the butler—

"By the way, Beeston, I don't think I will bother sending that wire to-night."

"I beg pardon, sir, but it has already gone," said Beeston imperturbably.

"Gone?" I echoed blankly, "but——"

The rest of the sentence was drowned in a hurried exclamation from Uncle Dick.

"Good heavens, Professor, are you ill?" said he anxiously, glancing at Professor Thimblechick, whose face during the last few moments had grown positively livid.

"No—no, I'm not ill," protested the little man, "I'm just a little faint, that's all. If you will excuse me, I think I will go and lie down," and murmuring incoherent remarks on the weather and the effects of an unusually long journey, Professor Thimblechick, accompanied by the unperturbable Beeston, retired to his room.

A couple of hours later I was returning to my room after a last pipe with Uncle Dick, when the door of the Professor's room opened softly and Miss Thimblechick, in a long, graceful gown stood before me.

"The Professor is not worse, I hope?" I was beginning anxiously, when, to my astonishment, instead of answering, she placed her finger on her lip, closed the door quickly behind her, and beckoning me to follow, glided into the embrasure of a bay window that stood at the end of the corridor.

She looked very beautiful, standing there in her white draperies, a shaft of moonlight lending an almost unearthly radiance to her delicate face. She was evidently nervous, as the fluttering of the filmy laces at her throat amply testified, as she said in a quick whisper:

"Mr. Brentwood, I want to speak to you about—about the diamonds."

"The diamonds?" I echoed, amazedly. "You don't mean to say you know who stole—"

"No, no," she interrupted, hurriedly, "they were not stolen—it was all a mistake, they—they are here," suddenly producing my bag, which she had held among the pendant folds of her long gown. "See, here is the necklace," holding up the diamonds for my inspection.

"But how—how did you find them?" I stammered, staring at the gems flashing in the moonlight and then at the girl's pale, perturbed face.

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"I—I found them in Uncle Christopher's room," said she, with a little gasp; then added, "Oh, no, no, he didn't take them, at least he took them by mistake."

Then suddenly dropping the necklace and seizing my hand, "Mr. Brentwood," she said, "I know I can trust you."

I gave the little hand a reassuring squeeze, after which I conveniently forgot to relinquish it, while she went on in a hurried whisper.

"You know Uncle Christopher's mania for bones and fossils and things? Well, it seems you had been first in the field as Sir Richard's deputy in securing a certain fossil that Uncle Christopher was writing a treatise about. The dealer declared he had practically sold it to your uncle, who, as you know, has been Uncle Christopher's scientific rival for a long time. Poor dear Uncle was in a terrible state; he only wanted the fossil for a few hours to verify some theory that would enable him to finish his treatise. He was just going to the dealer to make him an absurdly large offer when he met you coming out of the shop with a bag, which he immediately concluded contained the fossil, and, without waiting to think, he followed you to your cab and heard you give the direction to the Northborough terminus. He was on his way there himself, where I was to meet him, when suddenly an insane idea came into his head, he rushed into a shop, bought a little black bag exactly like the one you were carrying, and—well, you know the rest. When Uncle Christopher opened the bag and found that instead of the fossil the bag contained these diamonds, he was, of course, horribly distressed."

"Oh, no, he won't," said Daisy, dismally, "he's dreadful on the subject of marriage."

"Of course," I answered, smiling, "though many people would have considered the mistake—"

"Yes, yes, it was a mistake, a series of absurd mistakes, wasn't it, Mr. Brentwood! And you can manage to explain them all right, can you not?" she added, with a world of entreaty in her brown eyes.

"Nothing could be easier," I assured her; and was hastening to add some remark more relevant to the moonlight than to the matter in hand, when with a hurried "Thank you, Mr. Brentwood, thank you a thousand times!" she was gone and I was left staring at the necklace in my hand.

I took the early train to town after all, and having wired to Scotland Yard that the jewels had been found took a cab to the Euston Road, secured the precious fossil and was back again at Mirfield Manor in time for dinner the same evening.

Uncle Dick was in a fever of excitement and delight. The finest woman in Europe had arrived, and luckily he was not critical as to the details of the proceedings of Scotland Yard for the recovery of the diamonds.

"Remarkably clever chaps, those detectives! I should never have dreamt of a thief disguised as a porter," he said, absently, his eyes fixed on the diamonds sparkling on the ample bosom of my future Aunt, while

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mine travelled to the rose nestling against the pretty throat of Professor Thimblechick's niece.

IV.

"But Rupert, what will Uncle Christopher say?"

It was three weeks later, and Daisy Thimblechick and I were seated—with a conscientious regard for economy of space—in the window seat at the end of the long corridor.

"What should Uncle Christopher say, except 'Bless you, my children,'" I rejoined, smiling.

"Oh no, he won't,' said Daisy, dismally, "he's dreadful on the subject of marriage; he says—"

"My darling," I interrupted, "I bet you ten to one in kisses that Uncle Christopher gives his consent in ten minutes. Is it a bargain?"

Daisy nodded, any other reply being impossible under the circumstances.

Ten minutes later I was again seated in the big window seat.

"Well?" said Daisy breathlessly.

"I have Uncle Christopher's unqualified consent," said I, drawing the sunny brown head to my shoulder.

"But Rupert, how did you manage it?"

"I produced a certain black bag, containing—"

"Not the fossil?"

"Yes, the fossil; which I begged he would accept, &c., &c., &c."

"Oh, Rupert, you clever boy!" said Daisy, enthusiastically.

I murmured a modest disclaimer, then added, "Touching that bet of ours, Daisy?"

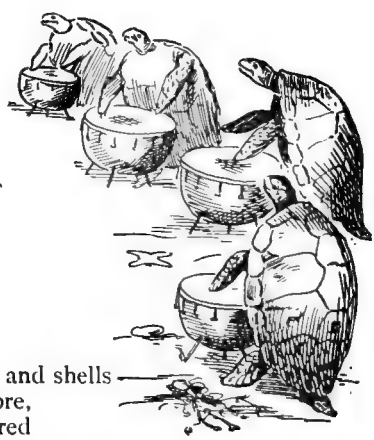
"Bets made on a certainty don't count," said Daisy, severely.

"You're right," said I, "the bet was in kisses, you remember, and—we—won't—count—them."

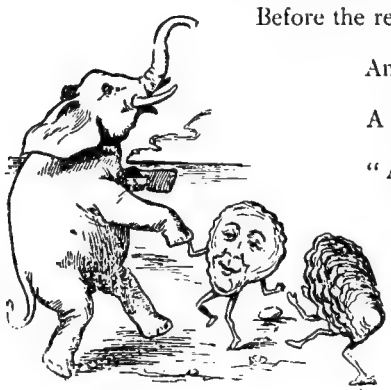
A SEASIDE SARABAND.

By G. E. Farrow.

'Twas in the prime of Summertime,
And on the silvery strand
Some Oysters and an Elephant
Did dance a Saraband,
While twenty Turtles played on drums—
I tell you, it was grand!



There was no Turtle played the same
Tune as another one;
You could not tell exactly where
Each left off or begun,
For half of them commenced again
Before the rest had done.



And rows and rows of stones and shells
Stretched all along the shore,
A sight the Oysters all declared
They'd never seen before;
"And every tide," they gaily cried,
"Brings more and more and more!"

They danced until the setting sun
Turned redder, and more red.
The Turtles then threw down their drums;
"We're going now," they said.
The Elephant packed up his trunk;
The Oysters went to bed.

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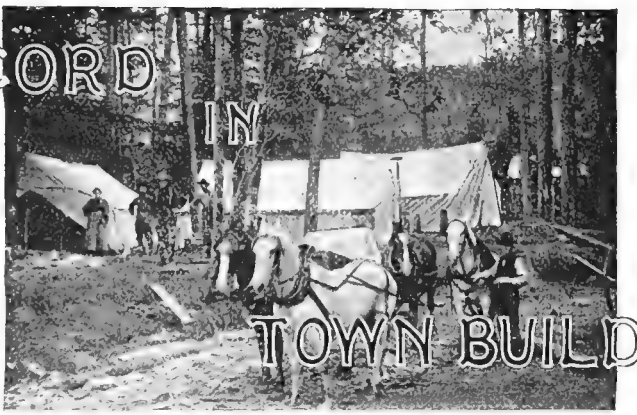
A RECORD IN TOWN BUILDING.



By Harold J. Shepstone.

Photos by La Roche, Seattle, Wash.

To talk of a whole city, which can boast of some hundreds of first-class buildings having been erected in a few weeks, certainly sounds incredible, even in this age of rush and enterprise. Nevertheless, the town of Skaguay, situated on Lynn Canal, and easy of approach by steamer from Seattle or Vancouver, is a modern wonder so far as the history of town building is concerned. Indeed, the mushroom growth of such far western towns as Chicago pale into insignificance when compared to the remarkable rapidity of the growth of Skaguay.

We cannot do better, however, than give a brief outline of the early history of this extraordinary town, from which, coupled with the aid of our set of photographs, the reader will be able to gather some idea of what pioneering enterprise is capable of accomplishing.

As most people already know, Skaguay owes its existence to the discovery of the famous Yukon gold-fields. There are, of course, many ways of getting to the gold-fields, but the Skaguay route appears to have been the most favoured by the would-be gold-seeker, and it has been termed "The Gateway to the Klondike." Seeing, too, that the White Pass and Yukon Railway commences at Skaguay, the importance of the town as the starting point for these romantic gold-bearing regions is still further enhanced. It appears that the town site was located by a man named Ben Moore, and when he left it on August 10th, 1897, the "city" comprised his own log cabin, a store and banking-house belonging to the Alaska and North-west Trading Company, and a few tents. When he returned about six weeks later whole streets of cosy wooden dwellings had been erected, which the owners had themselves located, and had paid a registry fee to the United States Commissioner, while merchants were so numerous and enterprising that their wares could be purchased at almost bottom prices. It was the notable gold rush to the north in the autumn of '97 that had wrought this wonderful change in so short a time. Almost daily large steamers steamed into Skaguay Bay crowded with gold diggers, and the early settlers of Skaguay quickly recognised the grand future which awaited the town, provided it were able to cater and accommodate the seething mass of excited humanity which suddenly poured into the place on its way north.

Skaguay as it appeared on the morning of July 26th, 1897, before the arrival of the settlers.

One of our photographs of this extraordinary town has the interest of having been taken on July 26th, 1897, when Skaguay was practically composed of one wooden store and a

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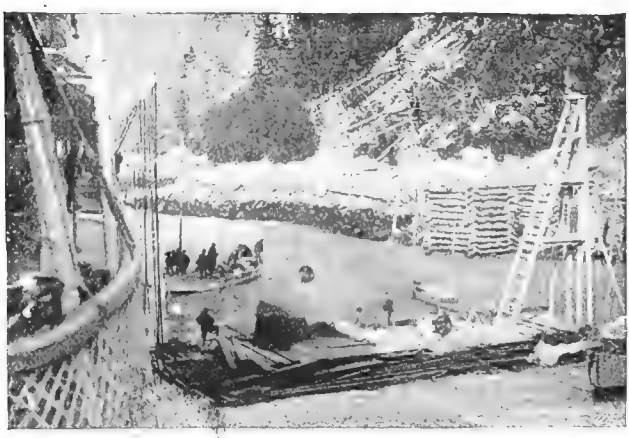
few tents. The photograph was taken from the steamer shown in another illustration, which brought the first party of Klondikers that landed at this particular spot, while a third view gives a very fair idea of how the "town" appeared on the following day. The little notice "Boat for Hire, Enquire Within," which may be discerned on the tent seen in the right of the photograph, speaks well of the business enterprise of its owner.



The first load of settlers arriving and landing on the afternoon of July 26th, 1897.

The steamer "Queen," which arrived in Skaguay Bay on August 12, 1897, was among the first of the large steamers to reach this new port. She brought nearly two thousand gold seekers, in addition to their luggage, and a great deal of lumber. Both passengers and goods were landed in "scows" or small boats.

The landing of such a considerable number of passengers from one steamer was no easy undertaking. Skaguay is on a tide flat with a tide running over 20ft., and has a stretch of about half a mile below tide-water mark. To bring passengers off by a row boat from a big steamer when the tide was out necessitated a pull of probably a mile or even more when they were carried on the backs of the boatmen to comparatively dry land. The few women passengers often relieved the monotony of the journey by their shrieks and screams when the boatman who happened to be carrying them nearly slipped and lost his foothold whilst splashing through the water, or sunk to his waist in the soft mud. Very soon, however, as the large steamers continued to call with their enormous crowds of passengers, the go-a-head merchants of the place built immense scows, or rafts, some of them big enough to take the whole of a ship's cargo. These when loaded floated to shore on the tide. The scramble which followed directly one or more of these rafts reached the shore was most exciting. Each passenger endeavoured to get out his own goods as soon as he could, and woe to him whose belongings happened to be near the bottom of the huge pile!

It is the town itself, however, and its remarkable growth that we are considering, and we will pass on and note the rapid rise of this out-of-the-way settlement. Within a month of the landing of the first batch of gold diggers a dozen saloons had been started, while a sawmill was running from dawn to dawn, and a steam laundry had also been established. The principal street was christened with the aristocratic name of Broadway, and our photograph shows how this thoroughfare looked on August 12th, 1897. Particular attention is drawn to this picture, as, by this means, one is enabled to appreciate better the rapid growth of the town. This is most strikingly shown by a glance at the other two views of the Broadway which we publish in connection with this article—one taken a month later, while the

The town of Skaguay as it appeared on July 27th, 1897—one day old.

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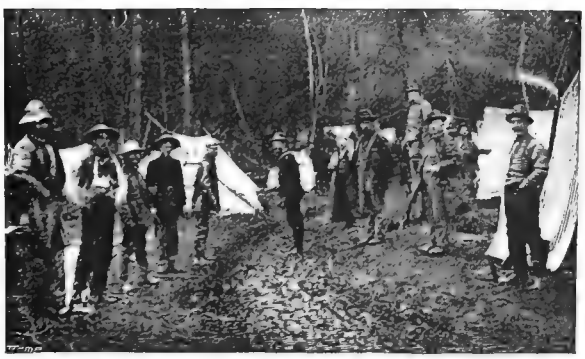
other is a snapshot of how the Broadway appeared in August, '98, exactly twelve months after our first view of this interesting thoroughfare.

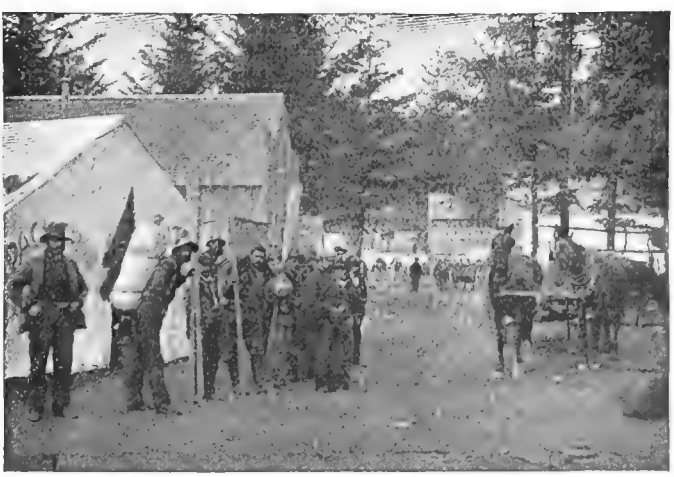
There is quite an air of romance attaching to the shops of Skaguay. The shopkeepers of this Far Western town could spin many an exciting yarn of their early struggles in those canvas tents before the present wooden stores were erected. That one of our illustrations which represents the first blacksmith shop has a peculiar interest of its own. To deal with any Skaguay tradesman was a very expensive consideration indeed. More particularly was this the case with the blacksmith, the charge for shoeing a horse being 25s., and for shoeing an ox 40s. The smithy and his mate opened their "establishment" within a few hours of their arrival, and did a "roaring trade." The trees and shrubbery in the rear of the "shop" give it a picturesque and romantic appearance. The Klondike Trading Company's store is a typical example of the early shops of Skaguay. On each side of the road these tents—or to give them the title by which their owners thought proper to call them, namely, stores — sprang up with lightning rapidity. They were little and big, of different sizes and shapes, and all sorts and conditions of men were interested in them, from the spectacled, muscle-less clerk, to the nervous and energetic shopman and the clumsy miner. The firm under our particular notice, however, is now one of the leading establishments in Skaguay. It now owns a three-corner storey building 70ft. by 80ft., with a stock of merchandise valued at £30,000. It started with an outfit estimated to have been worth only £60.

The first blacksmith's shop, where twenty-five shillings was charged for shoeing a horse and two pounds for shoeing an ox.



The Broadway, Skaguay, on Aug. 12th, 1897—a fortnight old.

Considering how the shopmen left their goods scattered about in every direction, and the confusion caused by an inrush of,



The Broadway, as it appeared when six weeks old.

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perhaps, over a thousand men by one boat, one would not be surprised to hear that goods were frequently lost or stolen. Such, however, was far from the case, and it has been stated that only one case of theft of money was reported within a period of three months of the "boom" of the town. This was in the case of a man named W. H. Davison, who lost a sum of £280 in cash. He was a miner, and among the first batch to set out for the newly discovered gold-fields. He determined to put up in Skaguay for a little time before venturing up the terrible White Pass, and foolishly kept his money in his kit under a pile of goods in his tent, which he invariably left open, little dreaming what the consequences would be. Neither do there appear to have been many cases of the pilfering of passengers' luggage that was left upon the beach, sometimes unclaimed for hours or even a couple of days. The goods were often dumped on the shore pell-mell from the boats, which were anxious to get away again in order to secure a fresh consignment of passengers.

Within about a month after the great rush to the north the town may be said to have been well laid out, new stores and wooden residences springing up like magic on either side of the recognised roads. For the first few weeks of the city's history "biled shirts" were publicly derided, as were also shaven chins. Within two months, however, all this was changed. Four barber's shops had been established, and what is more extraordinary, half-a-dozen "troy" laundries and a bath-house had also sprung into existence. Saloons sprang up everywhere, while a theatre and a dancing hall quickly followed suit. "Town meetings" were frequently held, and directly any great undertaking was decided upon its citizens soon voted the necessary funds to carry out the project. The town had not entered upon the fourth week of its municipal existence before £300 was readily granted for fire protection. In fact, in a marvellously short space of time everything pointed to the prevalence of a generous atmosphere of conviviality.

We reproduce a photograph of the Broadway taken in August, 1898. In this view we can distinctly notice the railway lines running through the middle of the street. The White Pass and Yukon Railway commences at the wharves and runs right through the Broadway, and then follows the river up the terrible White Pass. This railway is now open for traffic as far as Lake Bennett, where passage may be taken by boats through the lakes into the Yukon River and thence to Dawson City. A trip to the Klondike, therefore, by way of Skaguay, is by no means difficult of accomplishment, provided one has the time—and the necessary cash. Some may be inclined to think that the palm for rapid town building should be awarded to Dawson City, the very centre of the Klondike goldfields. It should be pointed out, however, that whereas Dawson City was built with exceeding rapidity, still, it can in no way be said to equal Skaguay, and for this reason. Directly the miner reached Dawson City all that he thought about, so far as the town was concerned, was either to find lodgings or a place where he could erect a wooden dwelling or tent. Consequently,

The Broadway in August, 1898—exactly twelve months old. Observe the telegraph lines and the railway up the middle of the road.

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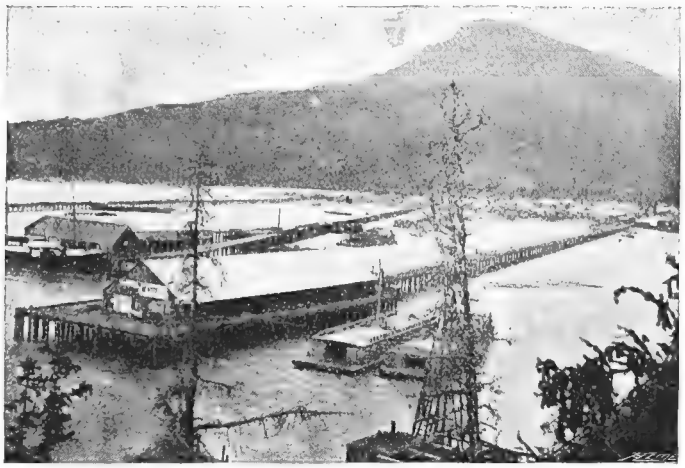

A marvellous transformation in less than a year. Compare these great landing stages and wharves with the manner in which the first settlers disembarked.

Dawson City soon boasted of many thousands of inhabitants, but the town itself was in a very crude state indeed, so far as hotels, public buildings and the laying out of its streets were concerned. The people of Skaguay, on the other hand, not being in the centre of a gold-bearing region, gave their whole attention to beautifying their town and making it as attractive as possible, as its future entirely depended upon the luxuries and comforts it could offer to the thousands who passed through it on their way to and from the goldfields on the other side of the terrible mountain passes.

Not the least interesting feature of this mushroom city is its marvellous piers and spacious wharves. There are two piers nearly half a mile in length. These were built with extraordinary rapidity, and it is not going too far to say that no pier at any port, considering its length, has been built in such quick time as those at Skaguay. They were commenced about September '97, and completed in about a couple of months. One reason, perhaps, why the piers were pushed on so rapidly was because they belonged to two different companies, and they naturally tried to beat one another in getting the work completed, and so catch the steamers as they arrived. One is known as the Juneau pier, its promoters being business men of that town. The other is the property of the Seattle Dock Company, and is probably the finest of the two. These piers are very impressive to the incoming stranger, especially when he is acquainted with the history of this interesting city. Unfortunately our photograph does not show to full advantage the two long piers, as the view was taken from the end of the one on the right, which, after going some distance in a straight line, makes a curve from the northern to the southern side of the bay. The photograph, however, is a very interesting picture, and after a careful glance at it we think everyone will readily admit that the founders of this Far Western busy, thriving city, with its remarkable shops and stores, and its extraordinary railway and piers, have established a record which none will dispute.

Skaguay in Sept., 1897—just six weeks old. It has been growing in size ever since.

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By Basil Marnan.

I.

Father Charles Bernard, for the first time in twenty years, had lost the control of his thoughts. His self-possession, like a water-logged derelict, lay helpless on the tumult of strange seas of emotion. From his birth till the age of forty he had evolved equably along the lines of the grooves the care of his parents had piously hollowed for him. As a child he had taken a singular pride in the possession of a little bald spot on the top of his head, which his mother fondly told him predestined him to the tonsure. He had grown up to a healthy, amiable acquiescence in the plan of a priestly life, lending himself to the necessary preparation and studies with a calm and unquestioning resolution, which, if it lacked ardent enthusiasm, was happily free from self-consciousness and cant. Through his college and his seminary he passed with distinction, bearing with seemly modesty the plaudits of his master and the doting pride of his parents.

The fifteen years of his probation being completed, Father Bernard was duly appointed a member of the Society of Jesus, and allocated to one of the missions of the Society then working its way into the social and religious fabric of Mayfair.

Then without warning he had been sent to set in order a mission in the wilds of the African veldt. For six months now he had been moving as one in a dream, seeking the fine and fugitive clue of light, whose thread lay tangled and broken in a very chaos of unintelligible emotions. The spiritual recluse and scholar was face to face with the life of the veldt and knew himself a child. Art in the refinement of its daintiest scholarship blushing at the sight of Nature, naked, distinct, unabashed.

The shock to him had been a strenuous one. The frail scantiness of attire affected by the "intombi" in outraging all his preconceived ideas of decency and protection, yet was to him a daily revelation of the permanence of forces existing and vital underneath the calm oblivion of his consciousness.

He faced the same difficulty when he turned to the language. There was about it a naked directness whose primal indecency violated every principle of intercourse in which he had lived. It deprived him, so to speak, of his first guard, plunging him headlong into the thick of elemental forces, in himself as in others, of whose impulses and their direction he was ignorant, and before the very existence of which he stood baffled, irresolute, at utter loss.

He was indeed almost rudderless on a wide sea. People whose public conception of purity is the result of their mother's moral fretwork, and the long, thin, inquisitive nose

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of the Press, can have little idea of that order of morality which grows up among the whites of the veldt. It produces two types—the beast who lives the life of a Kaffir and enjoys it, and that clean, strong, vigorous, strenuous race born to dominate and sway nations, of an order like to that the old sages sang, whose men and women knew of but one law of morality, the law of love and love's selection. There is no subtle gradation between the two. The lover class may contain one or two aspiring to higher things, and among the others there may be here and there a strain tending downwards. But to Father Bernard the division seemed both distinct and ultimate.

Of such higher type was Mona Rundell, and it was her personality which had excited the reverend Father to such unusual remoteness from his serenity the afternoon on which this story opens.

Mona's grandfather had been a stud-groom who had emigrated to the Cape, with the proceeds of the pickings he had gathered from his master, some fifty years previously. His son, Mona's father, taking to himself an Irish peasant immigrant to wife, thrived prosperously. Mona, with her two brothers, grew up careless of all save vitality and victuals, surrounded by her own little world, and some thirty miles from any neighbour.

At fourteen she was a woman; at eighteen a woman of wide and varied experience, with an eye-knowledge of all that is Kaffir knowledge, and an ear-knowledge intimate with every click in that peculiarly literal and bland language. Of education she had little, save to read and write with woeful labour. She was, after her mother's faith, baptised a Catholic, and bred up to that ease in duties and devotions inseparable from a frontier life and "heretical" surroundings. Yet the profound poetry, the secret treasure of the veldt life, had not altogether passed her by.

The Jesuit was a fascination to Mona, and the girl was no less a revelation to the priest. In regard to the Kaffirs, he had arrived at a mental stage of pigeon-holing them as animals with a lamentable lack of adornment, external and internal. European women he regarded to a great extent as waxworks, the mechanism of whose emotions, as far as his own subjectivity was concerned, was better left alone; but Mona in her beauty, in the directness of her nature, in the circumstances of her environment, had come to the Father, mentally disturbed as he was at the time, as a surprise.

He strode over the brown glazed veldt.

The June afternoon was hot, but the Jesuit's face seemed cold as marble as he strode over the brown glazed veldt towards the mission house. He was the solitary figure in the landscape. Behind him, Tom Rundett's farm in its clump of wattle, but in front and around nothing save the flat sweep of veldt, sunburnished to a ruddy gold, clasping on every hand the shimmering sky-line.

He was trying to analyse how the thing had come about.

He remembered how swiftly the consciousness of Mona had come upon him, and his amazement that she was just a peasant. How the blood had tingled in him at the thought, lashing him to a fierce revolt. "A peasant?—no, a queen of queens!" So his soul had shouted the lie to his consciousness. Then the deep silence as he realised the

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meaning of that revolt, and the flood-tides of passion had welled slowly and remorselessly over his being, drowning in the delirious swirl of their depths all that custom, vows, and thought had made him, binding all his nature into the great tumult of new-born desire.

And now! He stopped suddenly and laughed aloud. He, the scholar, the priest, the Jesuit, he, infatuated with a peasant girl! He lashed himself into a sneer over the thought, and walked on rapidly with long, uneven strides. The idea was so outrageous. Again and again he told himself that the environment, the mere fact of her being in Africa instead of in England, could not make any availing difference. In blood, bone, and breed she was, and ever must be, a peasant. But in thought? in type? in soul? The whisper was persistent, the query incessant. He jeered at it, calling it a mere accident of a phase, of a passing cycle of moods which wife-hood would inevitably blot out, a week of wedlock for ever destroy.

The longer he thought of it the more furious he became with himself, hiding beneath the heat of his pride the true perspective of his passion. Finally he wrote it off, so to speak, as a mere momentary lapse into original sin, fostered by carelessness and the exigencies of an environment which imposed on the eyes a licence as unusual as it was unintentional and undesired. In his cell that night thirty long thin scarlet weals that crept round his back and under his left arm and ribs, testified to his belief that for such lapses a strenuous mortification of the flesh was an act of prudence.

II.

"But, Father, what am I to do? I can't, I can't marry him—I loathe him."

The speaker was Mona Rundett. Some three months had passed since she last saw Father Bernard, he having purposely set himself to visit the more remote parts of his mission. Meanwhile, misfortune, the almost inevitable Nemesis of a farmer's speculation, had dragged Tom Rundett to the brink of bankruptcy. His only available asset in this emergency was his daughter, and with that spirit common to Kaffirs and the country families of civilisation, he looked round for the best market. Ugo Vander Spuz was a half-bred Dutchman and Dane, of brutal life and rich pastures. He had long eyed Mona covetously, and though he rather quibbled at her price, he at last agreed. Mona was sternly bidden to prepare for the bridal festivity. For they sardonically term these affairs festivities even on the veldt.

Little time was left her, and as the day approached she had, as a last resource, betaken herself to the mission house to beseech the intercession of Father Bernard in her behalf. It was with a feeling of sweet and shame-faced exultation she had hugged the thought that he, at any rate, would move heaven and earth to stop such an iniquitous union. To her consternation, however, he proved less even than lukewarm. So now she stood facing him, a great agony of disappointment and despair in her eyes, feeling dumbly that dead indeed was that day three months ago.

"What am I to do?" she cried again, "I can't marry him. I loathe and detest him."

"Duty, my child, is often hard, but is always God's will," said the Priest.

"But I can't swear to love *him*—to *love* him," she wailed. The man paled a little, there was such entreaty in her tone. But the priest in him answered calmly, coldly, "You can give him the love of charity, my child; loving his soul's welfare as deeply as your own. God *demands* no more of any wife—than charity—and subjection."

"Yes, subjection," she repeated with a sob, and stood gazing at him. Suddenly the tears welled in her eyes, and in a very abandonment of bitterness, of passion, and of loss, she flung herself at his feet, clinging to his hand weeping, fondling it, murmured through her sobs:

"You know. You *know* that I cannot."

He stood for a moment, irresolute, a faint flush rising to his cheeks. Then glancing hastily toward the door, the top half of which was glass, he bent and raised her, a frigid kindness in his touch and tone. For a long time he talked to her, expatiating on the dangers of such conduct—and the scandal. So eloquently did he discourse that at the end of an hour she returned home, hot-eyed, penitent, very miserable, but submissive.

After she had gone the priest went to his own room and walked vaguely up and down, thinking in a disjointed kind of way over what had happened. "It is best so," he said at last—the subament of his thought almost startling him. Then, as he thought suddenly of the man, Ugo Vander Spuz, at heart a beast, in morals a Kaffir, a Boer in callousness, he ground his teeth, and his white long hands clenched spasmodically; and the man fell forward, silent, tense, writhing, at the foot of the iron crucifix that hung on the bare stone wall.

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III.

Twenty miles away from the mission house at Ibenva was a small Fingo settlement of about forty huts. Two of these, set apart from the rest high up on the black hillside, served for chapel and presbytery to the Jesuit Fathers. Hither, some three weeks after the marriage of Mona with Ugo Vander Spuz, came Father Bernard on a visit of inspection. Having concluded his evening office, and his meal over, the scent of the wattles drew him outside.

The night was beautifully calm and still, the moon, cold and silvery, sailing high in the mid-heaven.

Suddenly down the wind comes the thud of a horse's hoofs, now dying away, now growing more distinct, till the rhythm of the gallop told in ever increasing volume the rapid approach of some visitor. Round the bend of the spur, not sixty yards away, the rider came, nor drew rein till halting at the mission door. Thus Mona came to him as he stood there beneath the yellow bloom of the wattles, running to him with her hands outstretched, her face pallid in the moonlight.

"Oh, help me," she said, simply, "I cannot bear it."

He drew her into the hut, and, putting a chair for her, stood and gazed at her, his face pale and rigid, his lips stern. In his mind was a great anger against her that she should thus jeopardise her reputation and his own, risking, too, the good name of the Church in the district. But he was schooled to hide his feelings, and his voice, if cold, was even and emotionless as he asked her:

"What is it I can do for you?"

For all answer she fell on her knees on the floor, her arms falling over the prie-dieu he had lately used, her face wet with tears, and white, turned towards him.

"It is hell," she whispered, "hell, to be near him."

His eyes flickered a little, and the voice was not so steady as he asked again.

"What *can I* do?"

"Take me away." She whispered the words, her whole soul in her eyes, a very passion of abandonment in her gesture. Then, rising, she went to him and, clinging to his arm, looked into his face as if the hunger in her would thaw that immobile mask to some expression of emotion. "Take me away," she repeated, her voice low and hoarse, "and hide me. Oh do, oh do! Look," and, tearing open the throat of her dress, she pointed to where finger marks stood out livid and purple-dyed on the blue-veined breast. "Look, that is one of the ways of subjection. Oh! I tell you, it is torture. Oh! don't you understand—*you*, when you know that I love you, God help me! love you with all my life."

Her arms were round his neck now and she was sobbing on his breast. The face of the priest was white to the lips and quivered queerly as he looked down on the bowed and golden head. He felt a terrible rage consuming him against the man, and for a moment a waft of that old tempestuous

Mona flung herself at his feet.

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passion shook him, stirring the brooding calm of his eyes to sudden fire. Yet withal, he was strangely conscious that it all seemed to him unreal, standing out like a moon in the sky of his life, wan, palid, exhausted, illuming the shadow of a dreamland. Yet, too, he was aware that it was an intoxicating joy to feel her near him, to feel the thrill of her body capturing and moulding each sense in him. A great longing came over him to strain her cruelly with all his force to his heart, to wind his arms round her and crush her to his breast, to drown fate, and destiny, and God in the delirium of one kiss. Then, again, the sense of shadows dominated him, and he was cognisant that the longing was, after all, a longing only; that its strength was in its suggestion, not in any innate essence of fruition.

For answer she fell on her knees on the floor.

It was very gently, therefore, that he put her away from him, stroking the silken hair and smoothing the tear-stained cheeks as if she had been a child.

"My daughter," he said, quietly, "you know well such a thing is impossible—contrary alike to religion and honour." In spite of himself, he found himself taking refuge behind old axioms. And with a sudden glow of exultation he realised that these same old axioms forged him an armour intact and invulnerable even against these new weapons he had to fight.

He grew stronger, as the girl beneath his quiet, reassuring tones grew calmer. It was some little while before she was able to explain coherently how a sudden terror and loathing of her husband had forced her to fly, giving him with her distressing directness some details of the miseries she suffered. In spite of his control, as he saw the look on the girl's face, he shivered. Again that icy wave of hate welled up in his heart, filling him with a strong dread of himself, hurling him as it did face to face with those master-impulses of animal passion he had deemed lived not in him,

Presently she rose to her feet, and going to the door, turned and held out her hands with a gesture of farewell, surrender, obedience, whose infinite pathos touched him to the quick. He took her hands in his, unable to speak, his eyes telling his pity, betraying, too, more than he knew, something of the passion his pity was fain to hide. She swayed towards him, her eyes half closed, a very hunger of yearning in her face.

"Kiss me," she whispered; "once—for ever."

In looking back afterwards it seemed to him that a great storm had rung in his ears, filling his eyes, his heart, his will, with the rush and whirl of mighty winds in conflict—a storm from which he woke to find the girl crushed in his arms, her pale face, framed in the golden wealth of her hair, clinging to his; his lips kissing her again and again, murmuring delirious words of passion; then of a sudden a wan stream of light pouring in at the door, and there, silhouetted in the moonlight, the form of Ugo Vander Spuz—huge, menacing, grotesque in its shadowy size.

For an instant the three stood silent, as if graven in marble symbols of their passions, washed with the wan, mocking flood of the moonlight.

Next moment, with a foul oath, the Dutchman had hurled himself on the priest. In the wan light they swayed and reeled to and fro, fast locked in each other's grasp, and tugging savagely for advantage of grip. Soon beneath the steely arms of the priest the breath of the Dutchman came in great

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gasps, and on his face the sweat hung thick making more grim the jealous fury of his eyes. Close-set were the Jesuit's lips, his breath never wavering, his skin white and dry, his eyes keen and gleaming like a ferret's. Slowly yet inevitably he seemed to be bearing the Dutchman down, when suddenly his foot caught in the girl's cloak lying on the floor. He staggered, losing the grip of his lower hand. In an instant the Dutchman had the under-clutch, and straining every muscle, strove to lift his foe and throw him.

But with a swift movement the priest threw forward his forearm thrusting savagely on the Dutchman's throat. Then slipping his left hand round, the Jesuit gripped in his long sinewy fingers the thumb of his foe's right hand, tearing him from his hold. Like lightning he sprang back, dropping his right hand down to the left till both were tightly clenched on Ugo's great wrist, then with a lithe, quick swing to the left he lifted the Dutchman clean over his shoulder, hurling him headlong through the air.

He fell with the nape of his neck against the door, rebounded, falling in between the priest and the woman, and with a spasmodic quiver lay there limp and motionless.

The priest shook himself, ran his handkerchief round his face and the inside of his collar, and smoothed his hair studiously, the while avoiding the eyes of the girl.

She, with horror-stricken gaze, stood looking at the inert body of her husband. His head was rolled round at a horribly queer angle; his mouth and eyes were open and distorted, devoid of expression; absolute immobility seemed to brood over his limbs. It was horrible. "Oh, my God," she moaned, "look at him!" The priest bent over the man hastily and lifted his head, looking into the now glazed eyes.

Then he put him back gently, reverently, and rose and faced the woman, a new look in his eyes which would not leave them.

"He is dead," he said simply. "God have mercy on him . . and . . us."

Mona sank on the floor, covering her face and sobbing.

"You had better go home," said the priest, when a few minutes had silently elapsed. "Between you and me there is for ever *that*." He pointed to the dead man. "Go," he went on to the woman. "I will arrange to have the body sent on. For the honour of the Church I shall say he was thrown from his horse while on his way here for you. See that you keep silence."

Mona crept round the body, fearfully, to the door. Outside the two horses were quietly grazing. She turned to look at the priest, feeling a kind of mute stupor of wonder that she had no kind of emotion towards him at all, save one of relief that he was sending her away. Before she had mounted he had forgotten her, and was kneeling by the side of the dead man, his head buried in his hands, and silvered by the shimmering moonlight, as with a mocking halo.

In a mission house in the lowest quarter of Pittsburg, U.S.A., Father Bernard lay dying. For twenty years his name had been growing a household word in the slums of the great towns of the eastern seaboard. To reclaim the lowest from the power and spell of their passions—such was the self-imposed atonement of Father Bernard. About his bed the priests were saying the last prayer for the dying. At its close they understood not why he smiled, nor the light, as of a great darkness lifted, that irradiated his face. So he passed beyond.

Going to the door, she held out her hands with a gesture of farewell.

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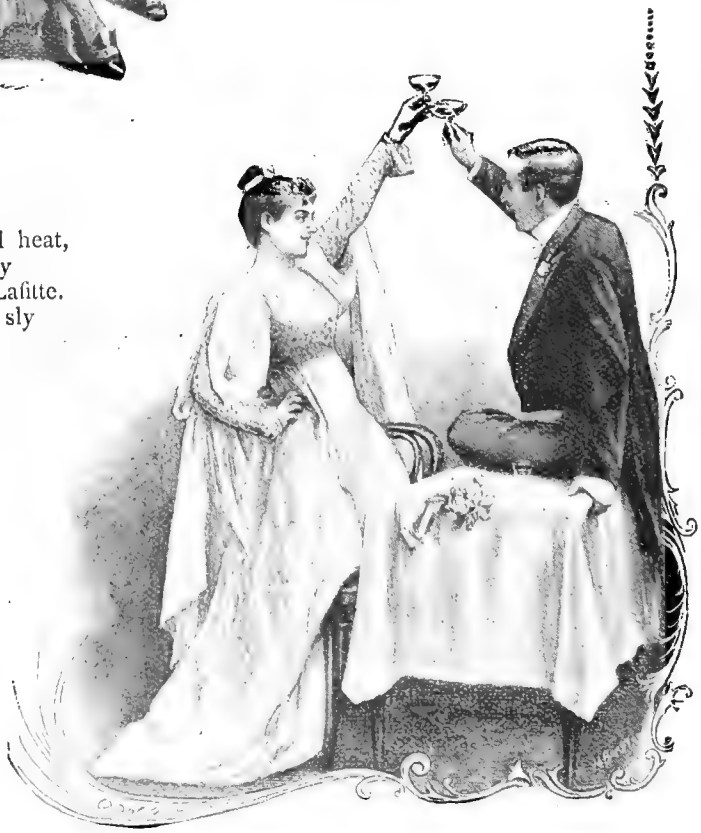
A BALLADE.

THE stage is all garish and gay,
I sit in a curtained retreat;
Beside me, in festal array,
A damsel blonde and *petite*.
At every merry conceit
She smiles in a gratified way.
Why laugh at their folly, my sweet?
'Tis only a part of the play.

When players attempt to portray
The sorrows that true lovers meet,
Her glances will o'er to me stray,
Her eyes with compassion replete.
With proffer of sympathy neat
I turn, and consolingly say:
"Why weep at their sorrows, my sweet?
'Tis only a part of the play."



And after the mimic display,
The theatre's glamour and heat,
Our thirst we proceed to allay
With Cliquot or Château Lafitte.
Then she gives me — the sly little cheat—
A rose from her corsage bouquet,
She sighs, with her eyes to her feet—
'Tis only a part of the play.

ENVOY!

Her tears are a base counterfeit,
Her smiles show an ivory array.
Her sighs, and her rose—I repeat,
'Tis only a part of the play.

R. M. SILLARD.

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NOVEL HARVEST THANKSGIVINGS.

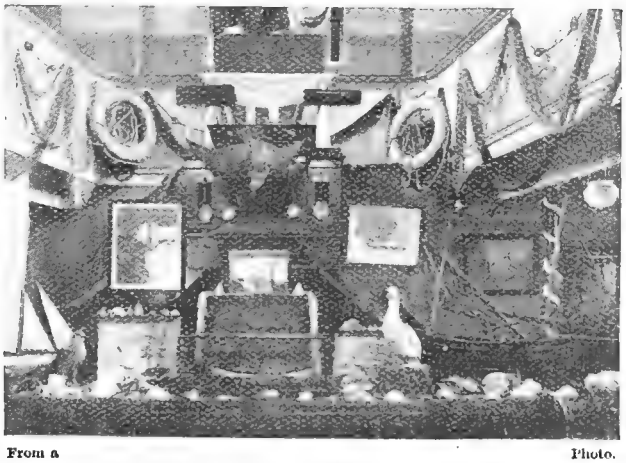
By George A. Wade.

There are few religious festivals in English churches and chapels which give more pleasure to the worshippers, or are more eagerly looked forward to by old and young, than the annual harvest thanksgivings. The most fashionable congregation in the wealthy West-end, and the poorest worshipper at the little mission-room by the docks; the merchant who attends a church in the city, and the farm labourer who goes regularly twice a Sunday to the village chapel; the old grandfather with white hair, and the little child with merry, laughing eyes; all take a personal interest in the celebration of their own particular harvest thanksgiving, and in the decoration, more or less ornate, of their own place of worship.

The past quarter of a century may be set down as the time during which this autumn service has made especial growth and come by leaps and bounds, so to speak, to the forefront of thanksgivings. And the annual service of special thanksgiving is still gaining, rather than loosing ground; so that some one Sabbath in September or October is selected by almost every congregation throughout the country to give effect to its feelings of gratitude and love to Providence for a bountiful harvest.

The decoration of our sanctuaries, however, in honour of this festival, and as a visible proof of our gratitude, is very varied, and, in many places, very singularly developed. Of late years this decoration has much widened in its character and limits, and men have begun to recognise that there are other kinds of food for which we need to express our thanks, besides corn and fruit.

For many years these two, interspersed with floral tributes of the fields and gardens, formed the staple adornments of churches and chapels at the harvest festivals. But during the past half-dozen years they, important as they are on such occasions, have had many worthy, and certainly not less picturesque, rivals in the scheme of decoration of places of worship. And these changes have not been made by any one sect or denomination: they seem to



From a Photo.

The Sea Festival at Wesley Chapel, Hastings.

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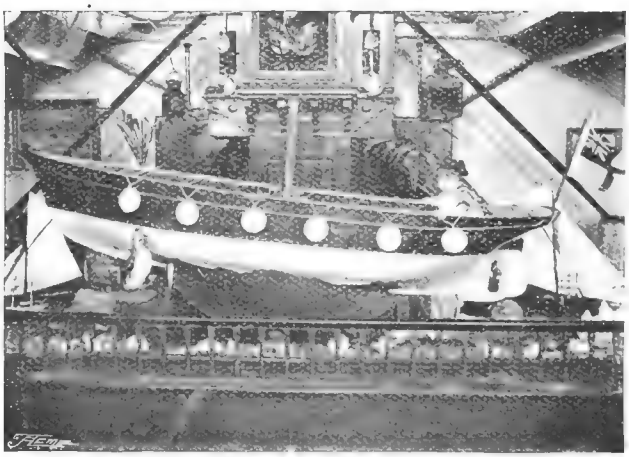
have struck all as being both appropriate and right.

Probably the palm, certainly for originality, and in many cases for the beautiful effect and design of their schemes of ornamentation of the sanctuary, must be awarded to the members of the Salvation Army. They are active, energetic workers, and their harvest festivals are as bright and cheery as one would have expected from such "Forward" Christians. One of the very finest of their designs for celebrating the harvest service, by bringing actual pictures of field-work before their members, is shown in the accompanying photograph of the decorations at Regent's Hall, Oxford Street, London, last year. It is, as will be at once guessed, a representation of the Army's Farm Colony at Hadleigh, showing the actual work of harvesting going on! In the very front of the scene will be noticed "General" Booth, on horseback, with two of his staff. The whole formed what may be termed a vivid picture, which was effective in the most striking manner, as was seen both by the enthusiasm of the great congregation and by their liberality when the collection was taken for the benefit of the farm-work. The idea was conceived by an ordinary "soldier" of the Regent Street corps, and it was carried out under his direction with enthusiasm by his fellow worshippers.



From a Photo.

Another View of the Sea Festival.

A charming design was the scheme of decoration carried out by the "Army" corps at Battersea Wharf during their last harvest festival. The central gangway of the orchestra-like platform was arranged so as to portray a suburban villa, or cottage, standing in its own ground, with gardens, rockeries, and ferneries around it. Then on each side of this right across the hall were arranged all kinds of fruits, flowers, plants, &c., on snow-white table-cloths, whilst from the roof were suspended hanging baskets of flowers, and the whole intervening space was more or less filled with pretty festoons of greenery or flowers, until the entire area at that end of the hall seemed simply one delightful vision of rustic beauty.

Leaving the Salvation Army's decorative designs for a little while, though we shall mention one or two very attractive ones later, let us notice a particularly happy idea of the Wesleyan Methodists at Bourne Street Chapel, Hastings, which they carried out last year. Here a "Festival of the Sea" was organised with appropriate decorations, and we may heartily commend this kind of service to other seaside towns.

In the space before the pulpit were placed large models of fishing-boats, yachts, and lifeboats, whilst stuffed seabirds gazed down upon the strange scene from various points of vantage. Fishing-nets draped the front of the table, and hung over the gallery into the area below, whilst the space behind the minister was decorated with a fisherman's flag. Lifebuoys, too, were prominent along the sides of the gallery-front, and altogether the display was as unique as it was striking.

Though such decorations as the above of places of worship for the Harvest Festivals are rare, yet there is more than one church belonging to the Church of England whose chief, if not only, adornment on such occasions is the vast quantities of eggs which kind and grateful members of the congregation bring in baskets and present next day to the poor.

It may not be generally known that these egg-services originated in Kent, and were the outcome of an idea of the Rev. Percy Collins, Vicar of High Halden, near Ashford. Mr. Collins held the first egg-service as a "supplement" to the usual form of harvest festival, in the year 1889, and it is

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worthy of note that 200 eggs, brought by a parish of 600 people, were the first-fruits of what has now become a much wider annual offering throughout the country. Many churches, especially those belonging to the State church have adopted this form of harvest thanksgiving, and no mean decoration do the baskets of pure, fresh-laid eggs make as they rest in the chancels of the churches. St. John's Mission Room, Streatham Hill, and the Rev. W. Carlile's church, in the City, hold what would probably be the records for the most successful egg-services. After the thanksgiving most of the eggs go to the London hospitals, even from Mr. Collins's parish at High Halden.

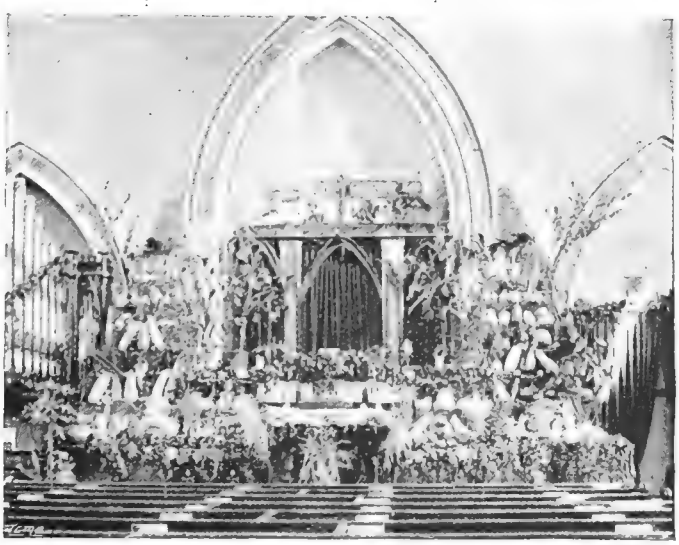
From a Photo.

A Curious Harvest Festival at Blackfriars.

A harvest thanksgiving scheme of decoration in a place of worship where the chief decorations consisted of toys, is surely the most original yet devised, but when with these toys was a model of a "Gospel-ship," fully rigged and manned, our wonder and admiration are even more excited. Such was the form, as shown in the accompanying photo, which was devised by the officers of the corps of the Salvation Army at the well-known barracks in Upper Street, Islington, last harvest festival, and a striking picture indeed it made.

An imitation boat was built by the members of the corps and covered with canvas. It was named *The William Booth*, after the "General," for whom Islington has the highest regard. The chains and lines along its sides were represented by strings of heads of flowers, whilst small flags fluttered at various places, and the Army's well-known flag waved from its stern. Long lines of cords, from which depended all kinds of toys, such as lanterns, pictures, flags, guns and shell-boxes, connected the mast-head with the stem and stern, and afforded an effective, if somewhat mixed, display of colour. The inside of this notable vessel was manned by three officers of the corps, and from it on this occasion they conducted the services.

All the toys and the work were given by willing hands, and after the days of thanksgiving, the objects employed in decoration were sold for the benefit of the Army's work in Islington.



From a Photo.

A Magnificent Scheme of Decoration at the Mount Pleasant Congregational Church.

Some novel forms of harvest-home decorations for their chapels have originated, too, amongst the Primitive Methodists of late years. In the West Riding of Yorkshire a favourite form of this is to make, in the space below and around the pulpit, a perfect model of a farmyard. The house and its outbuildings, the stockyard, the gardens and fields, are all clearly represented, and very fine indeed are some of the models thus made. One or two

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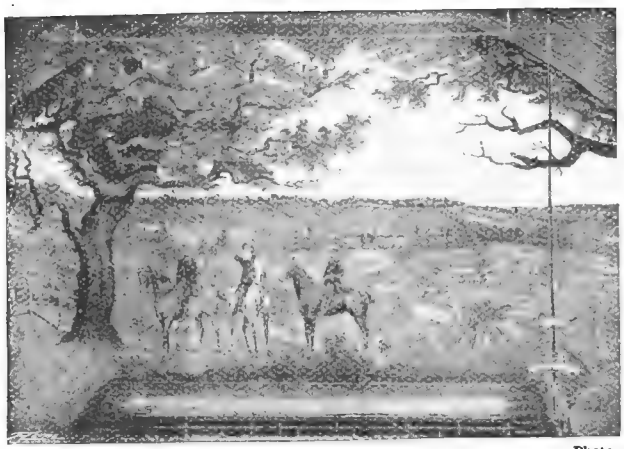
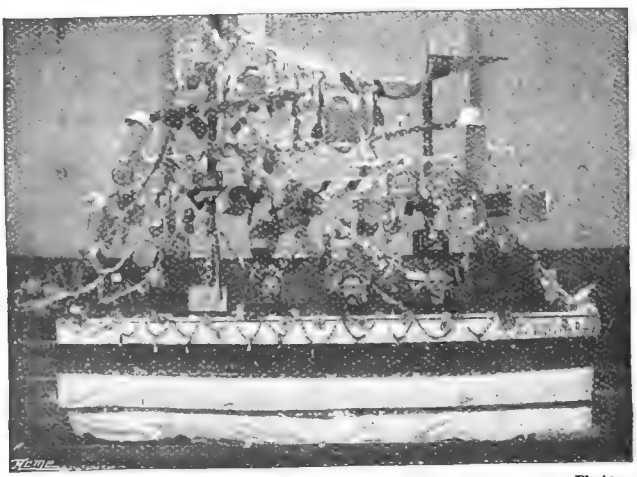


From a Photo.
A Salvation Army Harvest Festival. The painted background shows the Farm Colony at Hadleigh.

Primitive Methodist chapels in the Leeds district have gained quite a high renown for the beauty and effectiveness of their harvest scheme of decorations on these lines; Quarry Hill and Bourne chapels, in the Leeds 1st circuit, have at times given some splendid examples of how effective such work can be made.

In some Lancashire chapels this representation of the actual harvest-field and its surroundings is made still more striking and real by the introduction of more than one living animal or bird well known in the farmyard. Some amount of interruption was caused, however, last autumn, at a North Lancashire chapel, by a cock thus introduced, which would persist in crowing whenever the congregation began to sing!

One form of decoration in a Northern chapel, a few years ago, took the shape of a model of Hawarden Castle and its gardens, and, though incongruous, perhaps, in a sanctuary, yet the whole was so perfectly imitated, and looked so pretty, that it drew forth much local admiration.



From a Photo.
At an Islington Harvest Thanksgiving toys were used for decorative purposes.

It may be conceded at once that "the Press" is seldom brought into service to adorn any place of worship for a harvest thanksgiving service, yet this was done at Cambridge Heath, where, in front of the tables containing on white cloths the offerings of every kind of fruit and flowers given by the congregation, there were placed copies of the various religious publications issued from the Salvation Army's headquarters.

The real army militant of the English nation has more than once adorned its chapels with military emblems, and even with memorials of its officers, so that the Salvation Army at Blackfriars has some "precedent," for making the portraits of its captain and lieutenants, and its band instruments, a feature of its special harvest thanksgiving last year. The pictures of the officers were hung at the back of the orchestral-platform, which was decorated with gifts of fruit and corn, and were draped with the Army's flags, whilst the drum held a prominent place in the foreground. Two cages of live birds also added to the novelty of the arrangement in this harvest festival.

In all these various schemes of decorations spoken of in this article, whether at church, chapel, mission room, or Salvation Army barracks, texts specially appropriate, often worked in flowers by loving hands, have formed an important feature. The army is fond of lines, dealing with the harvest, taken from its own service hymn-book. The "Sea Festival" found fitting texts in such as: "These see the works of the Lord, and His Wonders in the Deep;" and, "For He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind which lifteth up the waves thereof."

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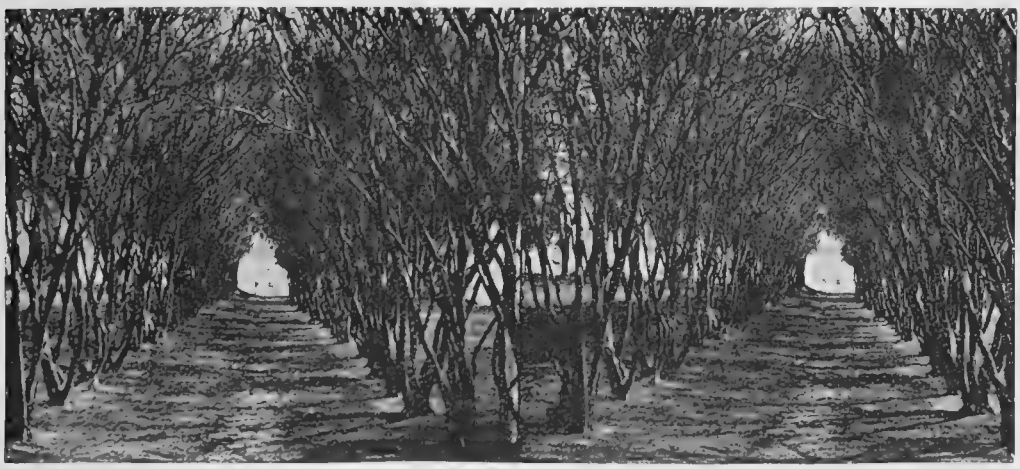
Good Night!



The Deserted Avenue.

A Wet Day at Eastbourne.

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Early Morning in the Yosemite Valley.

On the Sands.

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In Daisy Land.

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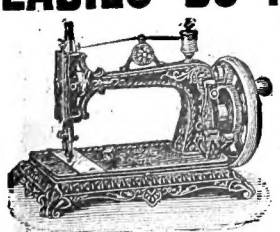

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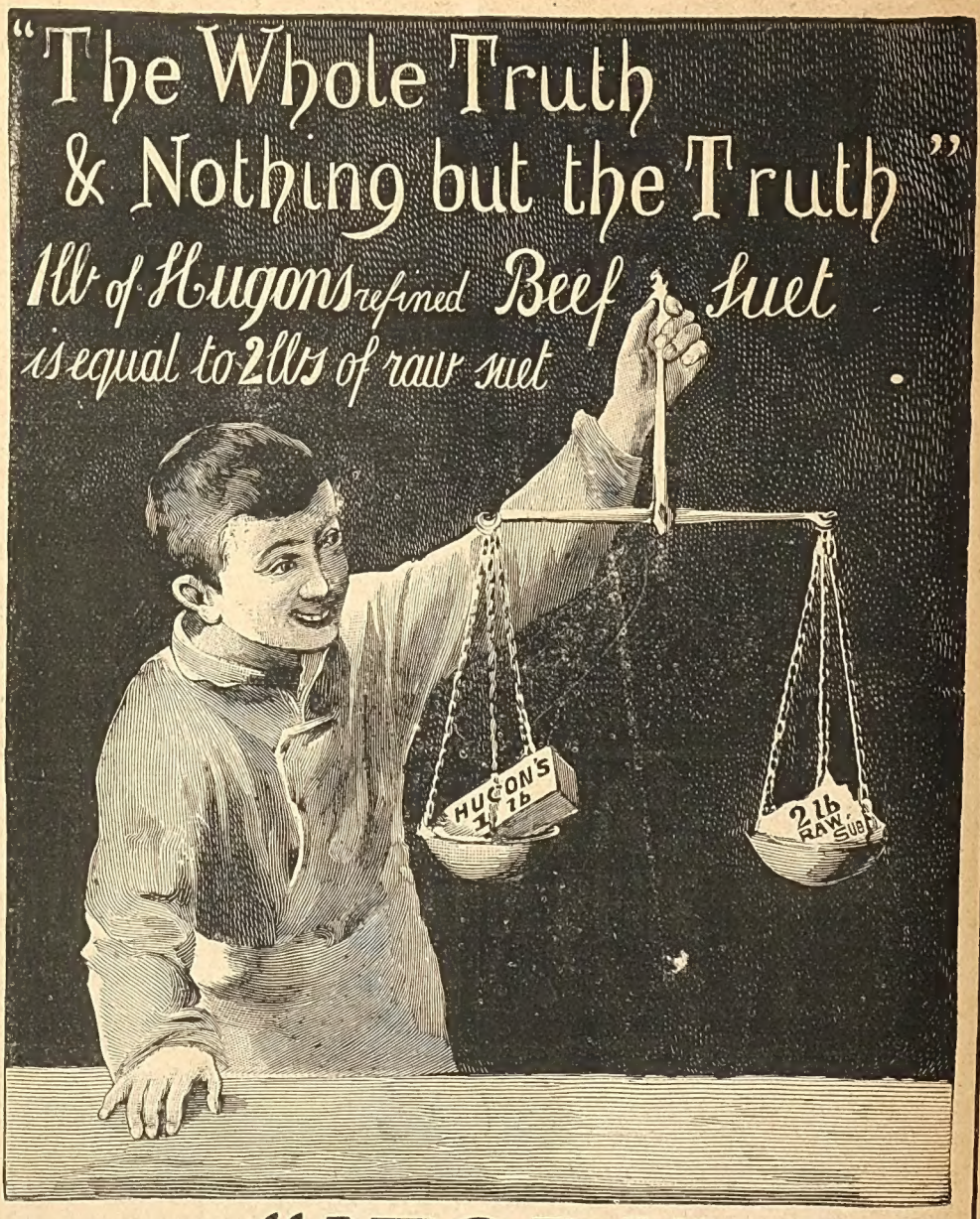

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THE BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL—*Article on "Drugged Foods," June 4, 1898, says:—*

"There is a general consensus of opinion that the addition of active drugs, belonging to the class of nervine stimulants, to beverages and articles of dietary in ordinary domestic use is not for the benefit of the community, and is likely in time to produce a deterioration of the public health. . . . At the present moment we are beset by another danger arising from the addition of Kola to certain articles of food. . . . Kola has been found on analysis to contain 2·13 per cent. of Caffeine. Caffeine is undoubtedly a useful drug when employed in suitable cases and in appropriate doses, but if taken habitually in large quantities it is capable of inducing an undesirable condition of over-stimulation of the nerve centres."

CADBURY'S COCOA is Absolutely Pure, and "a Perfect Food."

When asking for Cocoa, insist on having CADBURY'S—Sold only in Packets and Tins—as other Cocoas are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

Printed and Published by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd. Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
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